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VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

APRIL 1930

Clarence E. Cason
. . Lee Durnin
. . Edward Mumford Jones
. . Robert Frost
. . Walter de la Mare
. . Frost, Wilbert Snow
. . Louis Fischer
. . Charles Morrow Wilson
. . Lionel Stevenson
. . William E. Dodd,
. . Wilson, Graham Wallis,
. . son, Harry Clemons,
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THE first number of The Virginia Quarterly Review was dated April, 1925. With the present issue the Quarterly begins its sixth year. In this interim the work of over two hundred authors—sometimes writers of international fame, sometimes young authors not before published—has appeared in its pages; it has gained readers in every state in the Union and won a recognition in other countries.

In its first "Green-Room" it announced itself as a national journal of independent thought in the fields of society, politics, and literature: and as a part of its programme announced: "The Quarterly will in a measure be peculiarly concerned with themes growing out of the life and problems of the people of the South and especially cordial to the work of able Southern writers, yet it will in no sense be a magazine of a section. It will welcome interesting themes and brilliant contributors wherever it can find them and the freshening impact of writers from other lands. It will aim to be liberal but reasonable; open to the discussions of all topics and to all stimulating and engaging points of view." How far these promises are being kept after five years, we invite our readers to decide.

Alabama has been especially conspicuous among Southern states for its industrial development. Perhaps it is through the individual state that the modifications that are so vitally taking place in Southern life can be studied. In a paper accompanying "Alabama Goes Industrial," its author wrote, "Alabama has not been so artless as other Southern states in issuing blanket calls for outsiders to come in and freely possess their wealth of men and materials. It has not so blatantly advertised native incompetency: nor has it begged so publicly for outside ownership and domination." CLARENCE E. CASON is professor of journalism

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

A NATIONAL JOURNAL OF DISCUSSION

Edited by JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

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at the University of Alabama. Before returning to Alabama, Mr. Cason taught for several years at Wisconsin and Minnesota. He has done newspaper work in Washington, New York, and Louisville and has contributed to the Virginia Quarterly.

Luc Durtain has traveled extensively in America. André Maurois says of him: "Durtain is, among all the writers of my generation, the one who is making the greatest progress. He has published some books about America: *'Quarantième Etage,' 'Hollywood Défrappé,'* violent books that may, perhaps, appear inexact to many Americans, but the vigorous style, the force of the imagery are incontestable, and besides, the pictures are not more satirical than those of Sinclair Lewis. Durtain himself is one of the most intelligent men that one can meet." The translation of "Europe Sees America" is by James Butler.

The South has been for some years the home of Howard Mumford Jones who before he became professor of English at the University of North Carolina and earlier at Chicago, had been a teacher at the University of Texas. He has written plays, poetry, and criticism. He is the author of "America and French Culture." As editor of the syndicated column, "The Literary Lantern," he became especially interested in writers in the South.

The publication of "Humanism and America" under the editorship of Norman Foerster has interested many persons in the question answered in "What is Humanism?" Robert Shafer, a Princeton man born in Maryland, is professor of literature in the University of Cincinnati. He is also a contributor to the book which sets forth the views of Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, and others of the "new humanists." He is author of "Progress and Science," "Christianity and Naturalism," "From Beowulf to Thomas Hardy," and other books in American and English literature.

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The Green-Room

(*Continued from page* iv)

Walter de la Mare, acknowledged master in three fields—poetry, short story, and the novel—has published before in The Virginia Quarterly Review. Readers of his "Willows" in the October Quarterly will recognize a similar subtlety of manner in "The Picnic."

Though he has lived in Virginia and New York, Lawrence Lee is a native of Alabama as his poem in this issue might suggest. Mr. Lee's unpublished narrative poem based upon Jack Jouett's famous ride is to be issued in late spring in a limited and illustrated edition by the Slide Mountain Press, printers of certain rare items of Stephens and of Robinson. The title of the poem is "A Hawk from Cuckoo Tavern."

Frances M. Frost lives at South Burlington, Vermont. Her first book, "Hemlock Wall," was published last fall in the Yale series of Younger Poets.

Born in Maine, Wilbert Snow has been well known as a poet since the publication in 1923 of "Maine Coast." His latest volume of verse is "The Inner Harbor."

"The Soviets in World Affairs" will be the title of a new book by Louis Fischer to be published in May. When Mr. Fischer's article "Soviet Russia and the Powers" appeared in this review in July, 1925, he was "an American correspondent in Moscow." Since then he has visited America and England and is now again in Russia for another six months. Readers of the newspapers during the war period will recall how familiar the name of Enver Pasha then was and will be interested in the story, now at last told with authenticity, of how he came to his death.

Charles Morrow Wilson is a son of the Arkansas hill country from which he gathered the material for his article on mountain speech from "our contemporary ancestors, so to speak." After his graduation from the University of

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The Green-Room

(*Continued from page* vi)

Arkansas in 1926, he returned to his native town of Fayetteville where he has spent his time studying the people and their speech and writing for newspapers and magazines.

In what its author has called "the new mode of bi-biographical" essay, of Bulwer and Disraeli, Lionel Stevenson in "Stepfathers of Victorianism" has shown the part of these two friends in inaugurating a new era in politics and in literature. Mr. Stevenson, a native of Scotland, lives in Berkeley, where he is connected with the University of California. Among his publications is "Appraisals of Canadian Literature."

As author of "Woodrow Wilson and His Work" and joint editor of "The Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson," William E. Dodd is especially interested in the events of the past quarter of a century in United States history. Frederick P. Mayer of the University of Pittsburg has been a contributor to the Virginia Quarterly since its beginning. Graham Aldis is a business man and writer of Chicago, especially interested in politics and international affairs. His articles have appeared frequently in this magazine. As a poet himself and a contributing editor of The Nation, Mark Van Doren has been especially observant of the contemporary tendencies in poetry. He is the author of several volumes of poetry and of critical studies and editor of "An Anthology of World Poetry." Thomas H. Dickinson, whose "Dawn of a New Dramatic Era" in the July, 1929, Virginia Quarterly was widely acknowledged as one of the "ten best magazine articles of the month," is well known as a writer on the American theatre.

For fourteen years Harry Clemons was librarian at the University of Nanking, China. Earlier he was connected with the English department of Princeton. He is now the librarian of the University of Virginia. The reviewer of

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The Green-Room

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"Dime Dreadfuls" is himself the son of the author of one of the most famous of dime novels, "Seth Jones." Colonel W. E. Ellis writes from his home in Summerville, S. C. where he is engaged in newspaper work. Stringfellow Barr, formerly managing editor of the Virginia Quarterly Review, is now one of its associate editors. Perhaps no contributor to the Virginia Quarterly has appeared oftener in its pages than Edward Wagenknecht of the University of Washington. Mr. Wagenknecht's very successful "The Man Charles Dickens" is reviewed in this issue.

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

Edited by JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

Advisory Editors

Edwin A. Alderman — John Calvin Metcalf
F. Stringfellow Barr — Carroll M. Sparrow

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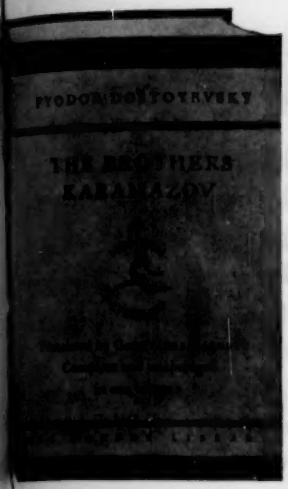

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I FEEL rather left out of it. The editors are patting one another on the back and congratulating themselves on the five year anniversary of the magazine, and looking bright about the future, and I—well, I feel almost like an upstart, aged three years and three months, or something thereabouts. But even though I haven't an anniversary to celebrate, I do insist on congratulating myself on—well, what shall it be? In the first place, I think I am the most versatile person in my literary tastes that was ever allowed between the covers of a book. Also, I *am* a good book seller. And most of all I congratulate myself on my ability at escaping the editorial blue pencil until the end of the last white page of the book is reached. And just by being able to say the last word, I feel a little superior to them all! It's almost the position of ***Robert Graves*** in his autobiography, "Goodbye to All That" (Cape and Smith. $3.00) of being able to say "goodbye to you and to you and to you and to all that." And, by the way, *Graves'* book is one of three recent war books which, for me, redeem a great deal of trashy writing that has gotten away on the crest of the wave of war book popularity. It is a real piece of literary confession, because it is a portrait of a human individual, a poet, in his school days before the war, in his life in the trenches, and in his efforts to accustom himself to life in post-war England. *Graves* has as clear an eye as any of the writers of war books for physical and spiritual horror, but he never slips into morbid sentimentality or morbid brutality in portraying them. It is Peter Quince's pick of the lot. ***H. M. Tomlinson's*** "All Our Yesterdays" (Harper's. $2.50) and ***C. R. Benstead's*** "Retreat" (Century. $2.50) are the other two: *Tomlinson's* book chiefly because it has some unforgettable pictures of pre-war London, and the sober mellowness of style that is charac-

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teristic of him. "Retreat" has the unusual distinction, among war novels, of being a real novel—and by that I mean that it has a plot, characters, development, and a beginning, middle, and an end—and yet it loses no effectiveness as a war book by showing some attempt at literary form. *Ben Ray Redman's* book of short stories, "Down in Flames" (Payson and Clarke. $2.00) is another good example of successful artistic treatment of war material.

In contrast with such books, it's good to see a fine piece of historical novel-writing like *Margaret Irwin's* "None So Pretty" (Harcourt. $2.50), which won a prize and deserves it. *Manuel Komroff's* "Coronet" (Coward-McCann. $3.00), a much more ambitious novel of the generations, from the Renaissance to today, isn't nearly as successfully realized. *Thornton Wilder's* "The Woman of Andros" (A. and C. Boni. $2.50) looks to an even more remote past, and is—so friends tell me—a worthy successor to "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" (Boni. $2.50). Thank heaven there's one author who waits two years before following up a best-seller! *Edna Ferber's* "Cimarron" (Doubleday. $2.50), laid in the days of the Oklahoma land rush, has the same qualities which made "Show Boat" (Doubleday. $2.50) a success. I can't get up much enthusiasm, however, over some of the novels of today, such as "Pay Day" (Payson and Clarke. $2.50), by *Nathan Asch*, "The 42nd Parallel" (Harpers. $2.50), by *John Dos Passos*, or "Mothers Cry" (Harpers. $2.50), by *Helen Grace Carlyle*. I haven't yet seen *Elizabeth Madox Roberts'* "The Great Meadow" (Viking. $2.50) or *Warwick Deeping's* "Exile" (Knopf. $2.50), but they will find readers who are not apt to care much what Peter Quince thinks. Nor will everybody share my feeling that *O. E. Rölvaag's* "Pure Gold" (Harpers. $2.50) is a good book, but not up to the standard of his earlier stories of the Northwest. Just at present my particular pet in modern fiction is *H. W.*

(Continued in advertising section at the back.)

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THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOL. 6 APRIL 1930 No. 2

ALABAMA GOES INDUSTRIAL

BY CLARENCE E. CASON

ALABAMA is not like any of the other southern states. It has, however, until the immediate present, accepted its social and economic philosophy from its sister commonwealths in Dixie. Two facts combine to make Alabama the best place to view the march of industry upon southern tradition: sectional legend is less firmly ensconced in Alabama than in Virginia or the Carolinas, and the industrial resources are more available in Alabama. One may prophesy that Alabama will be the first of the southern states to take the measure of a gentleman in terms of material possessions.

I

There are several reasons why the sectional legend is not so firmly rooted in Alabama. The state has lacked the names of both persons and places which seemed fittingly to embody the southern tradition. Though Jefferson Davis, as president of the Confederacy, was first seated at Montgomery, Alabama, the names "Jefferson" and "Davis" cer-

tainly have the untransferable ring of Virginia, and it was appropriate that Richmond should soon succeed Montgomery. Though the "Gallant" Pelham was a daring and picturesque native son, Alabama contributed no heroes like Stonewall Jackson, Nathan B. Forrest, J. E. B. Stuart, Wade Hampton, and Robert E. Lee to the Civil War; nor can the state gather its sectional feeling about even such figures as Andrew Jackson or Daniel Boone.

Though the material of typically southern writers like Joel Chandler Harris and Sidney Lanier might be applied accurately to Alabama, these two were Georgians; and the reputation of only one thoroughly native Alabama writer has spread north of the Tennessee River—that of Samuel Minturn Peck, whose "Swinging in the Grapevine Swing" reached a popular vogue some twenty years ago. Such writers as Sara Haardt, Lawrence Lee, and Clement Wood, who were born in Alabama, have not gained their fundamental impulses from the state or its people.

Emotionally powerful songs like "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "My Old Kentucky Home," and Tennessee's "Way Down upon the S'wanee River" have no counterpart in Alabama folksong. Ludicrous imitations of the authentic folk lyric—such as "Alabama Coon" and "Down on Mobile Bay"—can do no more than give sad evidence of our times. Jazz monstrosities have done much to remove the Alabama Negro from the genuinely sentimental world suggested in "Old Black Joe." Hand in hand with the whining vaudeville lyrics have come the minstrel-man stories of Octavus Roy Cohen. National acceptance of such catch-penny balderdash certainly tends to fixate a frivolous attitude toward Alabama within the state itself, as well as an undesirable view in the minds of outsiders.

Alabama, furthermore, has lacked places suitable to embody the southern tradition. The state possesses beautiful old towns where wide streets with parkways of crepe myrtle move naturally, as it were, from house to house. It has old

porticoes, weather-beaten and unpainted for many years, with which in the spring the faintly glorious blossoms of wistaria combine in that appropriate harmony of old age—lavender and gray. And there are broad magnolia trees which fill the air on summer nights with the mellow odor of their cream-colored flowers. Box hedges still border long gravel walks stretched beneath huge water oak trees. There are wide verandahs, two-story pillars painted white, wide hallways and cavernous apartments with windows reaching to the floor, kitchens and servants' quarters along a side porch at the rear. But there are few servants in the quarters, and often not a great deal to cook in the spacious kitchens. Country homes have their japonica hedges and their fine old oak and walnut furniture. Yet, even these material things are scattered; they are not gathered together in definite places to be looked upon and revered. There is no Blue Grass section—no stronghold where material relics make pretense of representing social and spiritual values which began to depart half a century ago. Certainly there is no shrine like Monticello or The Hermitage.

And while there is less of the sectional legend to hamper the march of industrialism in Alabama, the state is far richer than its neighbors in the resources of manufacturing. An economist might divide Alabama into three main parts: the southernmost portion has valuable forests of long-leaf pine which may be utilized for lumber and also for making naval stores; the central portion, with Montgomery as the leading city, is known as the black belt, and the term is applicable both to the fertility of the soil and to the hue of the populace; the northernmost section, though the land is poor for farming, boasts of both the Birmingham area and Muscle Shoals. In the Birmingham district apparently unlimited supplies of coal, iron, and limestone—the basic materials of the steel industry—are to be found within a stone's throw of each other. One company has the remarkable daily experience of obtaining all three of these elements from mines situated

actually within the boundaries of its yards. The area in which such deposits may be found is not confined merely to the Birmingham district; Birmingham is the center of a mineral land which is rich in all directions for an average radius of fifty miles. From Birmingham one of the most active power interests in the United States has been reaching out a long arm for the control of Muscle Shoals, about ninety miles away.

II

The piercing voices of the chambers of commerce, however, require no support from me. I am concerned with the changes which the inevitable industrial development is making upon the social and economic landscape of Alabama—the first center of the Confederacy and the first state to release the ideals of the Old South.

I have said that, until the immediate present, Alabama has taken its social and economic philosophy from its sister states in Dixie. This philosophy was built upon land ownership. Social distinctions stood according to one's relationship to the land. In Alabama real estate was not apportioned out by European monarchs, as was the case in Virginia and Carolina during the middle of the seventeenth century. But that essential concept of "original" land ownership was well marked in Alabama, where the term implied, preferably, a grant from a territorial governor, or, at least, an early seizure from the Indians.

Since the Creek Indians of Alabama were an especially fierce tribe, an inherited land ownership implied lofty courage in one's forbears—and this courage, as a token of ancestral purity, stood in second place to an ancestral social position worthy of special favor from a territorial governor. Place names in Alabama bear witness to the importance of Indian struggles in the development of the state. Some of the Creek names are Tuscaloosa, Talladega, Wetumpka, Coosa, Tuscumbia, Tallapoosa, Tallaseehatchee, Chocolocca, Shocco, and Wedowee. A contrast of these names with those

of original white settlements in the Carolinas clearly indicates that land ownership in Alabama bears a closer relationship to Indian battles than to colonial grants from European rulers. Most of the vested land interests in Alabama have dated from the eighteenth century. No gentleman of the Carolinas would sell the land granted him by the king. That tradition, unassailable in Virginia and the Carolinas, was also strong in Alabama; but in Alabama it was alloyed slightly, as a point of honor, as a result of the high proportion of Indian seizures as compared to royal or government land grants. This important difference in view impaired the purity of the sectional legend in Alabama.

Southerners themselves have least recognized the devastation of the Civil War in its complete destruction of the landed proprietor system. For fifty years after that war, the continuous division of the great plantations was in progress. Tracts naturally went to pay debts, because livelihoods under the old system were impossible after the passing of slavery. Gradually the land in Alabama went into the possession of a new class of proprietors, who were often comparatively irresponsible. By slow degrees land began to lose its quality of being an integral part in a family tradition, and to assume the character of a business commodity. Nevertheless, the people remained land-minded, rather than industrial-minded. That fact, as I shall try to show in a moment, is responsible for the failure of Alabamians to enjoy anything beyond a real estate profit in the present industrial movement which is sweeping their state.

My early life was spent in an Alabama town settled in 1711. Though the town is in the center of the rich coal and mineral section of the state, no one there considered life or livelihood except in connection with agriculture. Since the land itself is not especially rich, cotton growing has always been precarious except when practised on the huge scale possible before the division of the old plantations.

From my earliest childhood I remember the bulk of an

old abandoned iron furnace which stood about a mile from my home. Periodically we would hear news that a new company was going to operate the furnace; but invariably we would learn a short time afterward that the company was going to shut down, and soon the night skies over the town would no longer burst into livid hue from the "runs" of the molten iron. Wire grass and weeds would again grow in the sand where the pig-iron had been molded, and we boys could slip off down there after school to smoke our surreptitious cigars in a safe place, and climb the rusted and rattling iron ladder a hundred feet to the top of the deserted retort tower. The surrounding district was dotted with many ore washing and smelting plants; but, after various unsuccessful attempts at operation, most of them were abandoned and allowed to rust and rot into uselessness. All of these deserted towers, falling into decay within the very sight of untouched coal and ore, bear convincing witness to the lack of industrial background and skill among the natives of Alabama.

Fifteen years ago in the town where I lived the important names were invariably those of families who had held their land for generations. The major motivations of life rested upon the possession of land. Banks existed mainly through farm loans; capitalists were men who lived in town and drew their money from tenants who worked small portions of country estates; farm implements were the basic stocks of the largest merchants; lawyers were mainly versed in real property. The moment that cotton as a commodity passed from the agricultural to the industrial stage, there were signs of unnaturalness and unfamiliarity on the part of the people. Three small textile mills in the town had only sporadic success; even such small industrial plants as cotton compresses appeared somewhat beyond the aptitudes and interests of the people. The mills were constantly changing ownership and management, and the compresses and cottonseed-oil plants were always on the verge of fail-

ure. Machinery and milling processes were obviously foreign to the background—both American and European—of the Alabama people.

There persisted, however, a fundamental consciousness of the integrity of land ownership, which depended largely upon the inheritance of large tracts. I distinctly remember the contemptuous attitude of the town toward outsiders who had come into the section and acquired farm areas through the process of piecing together bits acquired from foreclosures of mortgages, and from the necessary sales by original owners who were more and more feeling the need of cash.

Wealthy bankers who had gained land through foreclosures of mortgages were regarded as pawnbrokers. Merchants who had made fortunes by selling supplies to tenants at exorbitant rates of interest found that their new riches could not raise them socially above the classification of prosperous tradesmen. A cotton buyer who won half a million dollars on the New York cotton exchange could not approach the social barrier; even with the handsomest residence in the county and the wealth of Midas, he remained a cotton buyer to the town. One of the standing jokes at our school in those days dealt with this kindly man's gift of five one hundred dollar bills to his twelve-year old son one Christmas. The son of the richest banker in town we cruelly knew by no name other than "The Bank"—and we regularly punched him in the stomach and sent him home.

But such a philosophy of anti-democracy, which was made economically impossible in 1865, could not permanently exist even in the dreams of those who for so many years utterly refused to recognize reality. The old order—which placed living before livelihood—is losing its social and economic grip in many sections of the South. It is fading into the distance most obviously in Alabama, because in that state it was less firmly rooted than in some of the others.

III

The irrevocable triumph of our machine era—which found immediate response from the artisan population of the Middle West—is not appropriate to the ethnic structure of the South. But the South, forced to abandon large-scale farming, has found small-farming pursuits unsuitable and unprofitable in view of conditions of land and labor. Lacking intelligent leadership in the adjustment of its agricultural problems, the South has seen its lands waste away and its bales of cotton decrease year by year. In desperation it has taken up the cry that Industry, a heathen god, alone can save its people. Knowing nothing of manufacturing—not being industrial-minded—the South has two recourses: it may borrow capital and hire industrial skill, or it may sell its land for cash. Alabama, unfortunately, appears to have chosen to sell its land.

So far as the state of Alabama is concerned, the much-heralded industrial expansion in the South is basically, from the local point of view, a real estate boom. The origins and experiences of the Alabama people have given them a consciousness of land values, but no consciousness of industrial values. And the breaking down of the southern aristocracy, with its consequent shift in the land-owning class, has placed a modern real estate dealer in the seat of the old southern planter. The southern planter, let me repeat, was deeply ingrained with the integrity of ownership; he could no more have sold his land without dishonor than he could have sold a Negro slave without at least a tinge of disgrace. The land, he reasoned, was a gift to his family, and gentlemen do not sell their gifts for cash.

Even the most superficial investigation reveals that practically all the recent development in Alabama is financed, and, therefore, owned by outside interests. Chambers of commerce have concentrated upon bringing industry into the state. Delegations go here and there over the North

and East seeking new industries. Towns vie with each other in offering guaranteed profits to outside concerns.

Citizens of the towns put their five hundred dollar checks into local pools to guarantee milk condensaries, kraft paper concerns, tire manufacturing plants, and other outside industries against the faintest chance of loss. And the most ironical part of it all is the vast hullabaloo set up by the local newspapers when a company with an established trade name, perhaps masking smiles of incredibility with an air of benevolent condescension, announces its willingness to accept profits from the community's resources—in view of the guarantee against possible loss. Further, the chambers of commerce advertise "unlimited supplies of cheap Anglo-Saxon labor." Such a prospect for manufacturers beset by strikes and high wages is of course so contrary to fact and reality that it does not deserve a passing glance. Manufacturers who ingenuously accepted such glib statements from hired promoters have at once found, to their sorrow, that the South does *not* offer "unlimited supplies of cheap Anglo-Saxon labor." Newspaper reports of the current wave of labor strikes in the South, particularly those at Gastonia and Elizabethton, have been rather embarrassing to the chambers of commerce.

Alabama does not share in the major profits of concerns with headquarters in Chicago, St. Louis, or Detroit; the major profits go back home. Alabama has no unemployment problem for which it needs new industries; nor are its workers trained to the machine. Imported workers do not always fill the coffers of the local grocery store or meat shop; chain stores usually spring up to serve not only the imported workers but also some of the old customers of the local tradesmen. Increased deposits at the local banks are hardly enough to compensate the community for its complete change in landscape, for the steady retirement of its established leaders into the background.

In my Alabama home-town New England interests are

building a $2,000,000 cotton mill. This stroke on the part of our chamber of commerce was heralded with awe throughout the state. Naturally some of our townsmen sold a tract of land, doubtless at a good profit. Outside contractors are building the plant; their materials come from a distance. A local contractor could not obtain the business of constructing the workers' houses; and most of the workers themselves will be gathered from the outside. Our local grocery stores are in imminent danger of being supplanted by chain companies; our drug and dry goods dealers face a similar hazard. We shall have five- and ten-cent emporiums. We shall have new professional men in the town; new doctors, new lawyers, new Ford dealers, new radio men; a new and expanded country club. The owner of our golf club land expects to sell her property to a kraft paper mill. And we shall have new odors.

Real estate men come from adjacent cities to view our lots in town and our outlying possibilities for rural developments. One of them has laid out lots along a country road four miles out of town. He holds auctions, at which seventy-piece dinner sets are given away to the lucky-ticket holder. From a nearby city a company brings investors in automobiles free of charge. It is a realtors' party. I am not sure that we shall rival the Florida boomers in grandeur, but I am confident that our economics is quite as unsound as theirs.

Disloyalty to one's native state is a major sin; I shall not be guilty of it. Nor do I record a peevish attitude toward protagonists of the new era in Alabama. It is beyond my province to assume the *saeva indignatio* of John Ruskin and Thomas Carlyle. And yet, one must wonder whether the pride of a race is so frangible—whether the need of cash payment so great—as to justify an uncritical attitude toward our gradual surrender of the integrity of ownership of our lands and resources.

EUROPE SEES AMERICA

By LUC DURTAIN

I

THE other day on the Champs-Élysées, I ran into an art critic who, like me, had just returned to Paris from America.

"Well," he asked, "how about your recent trip? What do you think this time about things over there?"

With a flicker of a smile on his lips, he put his hand on my shoulder. He seemed to be ready to hear what I had to say. Yet I felt that his look went past me, and, curiously enough, past even the trees and automobiles of the avenue.

"The New World?" he continued without giving me time to reply. "The Other World, one should say!"

I prepared myself for one of those brilliant, pointed paradoxes of which my friend has as large a supply as a cutler has of knives. He likes to use them to sharpen the edges of blunted truths, sometimes also to fashion ideas which amuse him.

"When you arrive on the other side, across five or six wide white bands of day and night—the cosmic systole and diastole become visible—, haven't you the feeling of having made a trip in some sort of a machine à la Wells? Of having changed planets? I am sure that the coefficient which measures the transformation of heat into energy is not at all the same over there; that the pull of gravitation is much weaker. I tell you that people is no longer held down to the earth! That explains how the buildings multiply their storeys, how the cornices climb into astronomical figures! . . . A whole nation hurls itself into the sky!"

It is good to contradict N. when he begins to display his

arsenal of facts and his "unfoldings" of figures. That lends him new enthusiasm, redoubles his fantasy, and, now and then, forces him to drag out from his reserve stock some solid truths.

"I am glad," I interrupted, "to see that you are not given to the common error which makes of America an enormous material reality and nothing more. But be sure not to forget that from the factory to the bank, from the oil wells to the mine—"

"Do you imagine you have seen that?" broke in the critic, with the assurance of the metaphysician who denies the objective value of the sensations. "Not at all! I tell you in confidence," he continued with mock secrecy, "it is up to that people to change the form of our globe; to make a prism of it, or a rhomboid, I hardly know what. . . . At any rate to astonish this poor old Europe which, for so many centuries, has stupidly left the world as it is, round like a ball. . . ."

"Are you so sure that the Americans worry themselves as much as that about this little continent of Europe? On the contrary it would seem to me that, formidably retired within itself, the great country over there thinks only of itself when there is a question of inaugurating a new scheme of things, an independent reality where absolutely nothing is taken into account except itself."

My friend N. withdrew his gaze and attention an instant and obligingly lent them to my remark.

"It is true," he said, consulting his memory and letting his gaze wander over the double stream of automobiles which passed beside us. "It is true that the great activity which vibrates in the cities over there presents something disturbing, even terrible. What respiration! What hiccoughs of immobility interrupt it! The mighty breathing of that formidable chest! Oh, it is magnificent! Magnificent! However, let us draw up America's account. . . ."

The critic collected his thoughts a moment, then:

"They have destroyed the spontaneous art of the American soil, all that confused cry of colors and shapes which the earth itself seemed to utter in the works of the Indians. Their punishment is first of all that they have no painting. . . . Some square kilometers of canvas covered by good pupils, by painters of 'some talent'; but not a single picture!"

"That's nearly true up to the present time. But—"

"No sculpture!"

"Take care. You know that, under the inspiration of Bourdelle, chiefly, a whole line of young American sculptors—"

"No architecture!"

"No, no, stop there! Don't you recognize the 'buildings' as original creations. . . . I mean the recent buildings and, particularly, the sky-scrapers of the many stories and the 'set-back'? American architecture? Today it is the only living architecture in the world, the only one that translates in a plastic and direct manner the force of modern life. There is taking place over there something as spontaneous, as significant, as was Gothic art, for example. Or as the great French painting of the last half century."

But he took me up peremptorily:

"I have already told you that those structures aren't so clever since their gravitation is not the same as ours. What! You weren't surprised to see thirty or forty stories rise in seven or eight months? Machines put together all the steel structure. Machines even lay the brick veneer. What does that signify? Art has no value except through difficulty, conquest, the resistance opposed by the world to its endeavor. Art? Why it is the resistance of the water to the arm of the swimmer. Buildings? They are too easy!"

"It's easy enough today, thanks to the efforts of a whole civilization. But remember that in every art, after the time of groping, of exploration, of discovery, of reaction, come miraculous moments of ease. The instant great things be-

come natural? That is perhaps the supreme instant! Well, to see American cities everywhere shooting buildings heavenward with spires, towers, terraces, cubes, bistre, pink, ochre, black, or gold. . . ."

My friend N. looked at me severely and I, in turn, felt myself in danger of exaggeration. He interrupted without deigning to reply:

"As for literature, poof!"

"All the same," I persevered, "you aren't going to accuse modern America of having no literature! Great poetry from Masters to Sandburg! The line of novelists from Dos Passos to Sinclair Lewis! Essayists of the quality of Mencken, of Waldo Frank—"

"Look at the map of America," deliberately interrupted my interlocutor. "Observe the situation of all the great cities. This situation is exceptional, absolutely. All the cities flee the interior, as if they are afraid. Or rather, as if they are bored there. Have you ever noticed masons, at the hour of rest, leave their work, and go seat themselves outside, some on a parapet, some on the edge of a ditch? That's America! An empty country, a country where, except for work, nothing happens. So, the cities abandon it and settle themselves on the shore of the Gulf Stream or of the Pacific."

"What about St. Louis?"

"The exception! There are, to be sure, some great railroad centers."

"Chicago, Detroit?"

Precisely, those cities also! They are on the northern frontier: on the shores of the Great Lakes, on the shores of that Mediterranean which lacks both salt and wisdom. Think of the great writers over there. For their sakes I have often wanted to do some changing about, not of the roster but the map. All of them seem to be from frontier towns or from seaports. I ask myself if I would put certain of them in America at all. I would place many of them on our conti-

nent, in England, or elsewhere. Do you know a single country on earth where the writers have set up their works in such direct opposition to their country, where they are so frankly on the outer edge of the national spirit? In all the great American literary works there exists the haughtiness which is instilled in its citizens by such a country—one of such ability and magnitude!—but also there is a formal disavowal of American tendencies. It is a very serious fact. . . . Let's see, is it true? . . ."

I could say nothing. Emphasizing his victory with a resounding whack on my shoulder, the critic bolted with great strides. And I saw him negotiating the stream of traffic by one of those passages for pedestrians which Paris has exactly imitated after the metropolises of America.

II

Let us record this reaction: one of the multiple reactions which European aesthetes are able to manifest in regard to the United States. Is this reaction an indictment of the New World? Or does it betray a lack of comprehension on the part of the observer? That remains to be seen. . . . However, let us extend the problem. Let us leave the art critics behind and look about us among the people. What judgment does Europe pass upon the United States?

It is that question which I should like to put forward in these pages. Bonds of contact and antagonisms of peoples were first established between cities: then between nations. Today it is between continents that the true problems exist: disagreements less numerous, perhaps more profound.

People who tell men what they think of each other are in general poorly received. I will try, however, to play that thankless rôle; to sketch what Europe thinks about America.

We have already, I think, dismissed the aesthetes. Let us occupy ourselves with the ideas of the masses, before returning to those of the classes. Then we will try to grasp the shades of European opinion by countries.

I will say first that the masses in Europe do not "think" anything very precise on the subject of America. They are satisfied with certain crude fancies which suit them.

Remember how much the nations into which our poor unhappy Europe has been redivided, hate, despise, misjudge one another. A few superficial differences of food, of dress, or of character suffice them for motive. Thus sauerkraut, spectacles, "brutality," still play a considerable rôle in the notion that Frenchmen have of Germany: macaroni, mandolins, bull-fighters, and castanets are in the foreground of imaginary pictures that the neighbors of Italy and Spain trace for themselves of those countries. Café-concert refrains? But that is sufficient for the moral geography of all the nations of the world! Human beings to whom heaven offers every night the image of the infinite like to throw into one another's faces such petty things. It is easier than to look one another in the eyes.

How could the masses of the people in Europe, who misunderstand so profoundly their near neighbors, conceive any sort of correct idea of the New World? This subject, America as viewed by Europe, brings up a serious question and one of the gravest importance for the future: and to remain within the limits of truth, one must enumerate false or childish notions. For it is precisely that which constitutes a serious, a terrifying answer.

America is for Europeans first and above all the incredibly, incomparably rich country. That is true; but our people do not know at the price of what great effort this prosperity was bought, what laborious method maintains it. The value of the dollar has impressed the popular imagination, has given it all the nuances of admiration, of envy, at times of hatred. Since the question of debts has been under consideration, the notion of greed—the unjust idea of an American Shylock—has been added to that of American wealth. Europe does not know the real generosity of America, and how over there money plays, in the eyes of the busi-

ness man, the rôle of means and not of end; Europe forgets especially the magnificent way in which so many cities, or private individuals, from over the sea, adopting either a village, or a cathedral, or a work of charity, have taken part in the reconstruction of the regions devastated by the war. . . . It is true that the indiscreet behavior and the voracity that the American banks and the American business men display on the Old Continent excuse somewhat that oversight.

Next to the idea of wealth, the idea of mechanical perfection is linked with the United States. If a letter goes astray, if a train is late, there is someone to exclaim: "That is something which wouldn't happen in America!" A country chock-a-block with colossal factories, bristling with "buildings": such is the picture drawn by the people of Europe who derive their impression of the New World from the vague notions that they have of New York. For them there is not a hamlet without a collection of skyscrapers of forty or fifty storeys. Imagination is prodigious. . . . Add to this conception, that of a life which is supposed to be entirely mechanical, strictly regulated. And on the other hand, naïve contradiction, the postulation of an American life always pulsing and new, swept clean of old documents; Europe does America this honor, though unjustified, of believing it free of legalistic mold. Europe believes also that the individual there enjoys supreme liberty: with the exception of prohibition, it is almost entirely ignorant of those "blue laws" whose name and meaning are known on our continent only to the English.

The victories of the American boxers, the successes of the U. S. A. in the Olympic Games, the exploit of Lindbergh, have gained credit among us for an athletic America, winning without effort the first places in sports, of a good natured America, reveling whole-heartedly in congenial sport: it is this idea which, often just by good fortune, at the times when Europe flirts with America, replaces the absurd notion of an American Shylock.

But why say any more about the generalizations of the masses? Need it be said that wine and beer drinkers wink whenever anyone invokes the Volstead Act in their presence? Right or wrong—this is not the place to determine it—they are persuaded it is an enormous legal puerility. The consumer of a glass of Munich or a bottle of Burgundy has the consciousness of possessing a complete education, varied and complex, concerning beverages, an education just as important, let us say, as a musical education. And it is with superiority that they look upon the drinkers of water, even iced.

And what more? America, as everyone knows, is preceptress of Cuba, mistress of the Philippines, and menaces with the "big stick" Mexico and Nicaragua. It is well known that the countries which press forward most along colonial channels reproach her with imperialism. . . .

I am almost ashamed to report this silly gossip of the European peoples; these ideas whose pretext is real enough, but which are, nevertheless, so vague, so distorted. . . .

However, it is an all important fact. The gross practices which are believed to be essential to America, particularly the reign of the mechanical, the standardization of luxury, the disdain of intellectual elements, constitute in the sight of the Old World a superficial Americanism, thoroughly false considered as a picture of the U. S. A., but having an uncanny power of propaganda, a marvelous faculty of contagion. The most cogent reason why it is important to correct in Europe this inexact fancy of an America enamoured exclusively of material success, is the harm which that misconception does to all our spiritual values, which it puts out of fashion and overthrows. For this false Americanism spreads among us like a kind of religion: which, conquering in the manner of an Islam, utterly saps our intellectual and moral traditions. Yes, the prodigious success of America, due to reasons altogether different from purely material causes, tends to demoralize those who believe it is due solely

to those causes. Despite of America, and without her being responsible for it, her success is constantly invoked against the true values Europe still possesses: despite of America, her example, which is splendid, assumes sometimes, for the foreigner, the form of a bad example.

I have just enumerated some notions singularly brief, incomplete, and ill assorted. They are able to subsist thanks only to a profound ignorance. Is there need to remark that this ignorance of Europe regarding America, this ignorance of endeavor, of ideas, of American manners, begins with geography? How many "men of the street," in Paris or Berlin, have heard the name of Detroit? As to that of Seattle, the great metropolis of the Northwest, I have discovered, in talking with many readers of "The Fortieth Floor," that the name was ordinarily taken for that of an imaginary city. Now the greater part of these readers belong to the cultured classes.

But that leads us to speak of the form which America assumes in the eyes of the cultured European.

These strokes which I have just indicated, roughly favorable or arbitrarily hostile, are those with which the European masses draw the portrait of an imaginary America. . . . Well, the *élite* can hardly place themselves on a more solid foundation.

To be sure we possess many specialists on American questions. A Léon Bazalgette, an André Siegfried, a Lucien Romier, a Bernard Faÿ, and many others, showing the cleverness at best of an American essayist. Certain of their books—particularly the memorable "America Comes of Age" of Siegfried—have, on the other side of the ocean, a merited success. We have also several among these "happy few" who have traveled widely and possess an extensive modern culture. However it may be said that, on the whole, the most cultured among us are rather led astray from a true conception of America by notions derived from history and antiquated books. Neither the actual problems of Amer-

ica, like those of the fusion of races, nor the ideas so essential over there, like those of "achievement," of "service" (which have in America acceptances sometimes so puerile, sometimes so lofty), are familiar to our "intelligentsia." Translations of contemporary American authors are still rare. The names of the best mean practically nothing to the select public which reads literary works. "Babbitt" has known, however, a lively success in its German edition. And translations of Sherwood Anderson, of Waldo Frank, of Sandburg, are beginning to penetrate to us: so, too, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," or "The Black Swan."

In our universities, the powerful cultural endeavor made by America is far better known and appreciated. The treatises from across the sea touching geology, biology, and so on, are immediately studied, analysed, discussed. There is not a single laboratory among those which I have visited in Europe where I have not seen American publications, enjoying high prestige and occupying the place of honor.

The projects undertaken by the U. S. A. to ameliorate social conditions deserve to be better known to our governments. American city planning, which is far superior to all others, that marvelous art of creating cities, of endowing them with organs, of bringing to bear calculation, audacity, of making the present and the future co-operate, ought to be studied at first hand by our statesmen.

In all that has to do with the plastic arts, Europe is practically ignorant of the whole American evolution. And it must be said that in not knowing about it she loses little. In this domain, America has much more to learn than to teach. But there is an art in which, I said a moment ago, we will have to demand lessons. The conception of a building, that spurting of lines which aim at the sky, is the single realization of modern needs, of the desires and powers of the man of today. American architecture is one of the great things of the world. Europe is beginning to be convinced of it. I recently verified, in visiting at Leipzig the enormous

German Library, which is a model of this kind, the influence of American libraries upon the conception which the Old World is making for itself of the art of housing books.

III

There are clearly marked variations among the ideas which the divers countries of Europe have of America.

It is probable that Great Britain is the nation where the people best understand the "sister nation." Perhaps, on the other hand, the German business men most closely imitate the conceptions from across the sea. There is a kinship between American "building power" and Germanic activity. The rationalization, the standardization of industry in America, the way in which problems of joint responsibility are solved there, have tempted the faculties of adaptation, always so agile, of the innovators across the Rhine.

In France, statecraft has always been an affair of feeling. Passionate and disinterested nation! It is not for our country to know another country as it is, or to seek advantage in economic relations, but simply to like or not to like. There has always been a bit of imagination and passion since the beginning in the conduct of our people toward the U. S. A. France is perhaps the only state in Europe capable of facing America with a disinterested attitude. Besides, our country has always been and will remain apt to love an idealized America more than the real America. Aren't there some people one likes better in a photograph? . . .

As for the countries of Southern Europe, and, above all, the Balkans, they look at America after the fashion of a tramp slyly peeping at the rich owner of a fine farm. They think of nothing except her money. To be just, let us add that certain persecuted races, such as the Roumanian Jews, see above all else in the country of Lincoln a sacred land of equality and refuge: today closed by immigration laws.

There is no country in the world where they dream about

America more than in Russia. America—or rather the American social system—is there the object of an admiration poisoned with jealousy, of a hatred which excites astonishment. What, capitalism knows how to lead the peoples to prosperity? That idea shocks the theorists of Leninism, it disconcerts them! Their entire effort is directed toward copying industrial and technical processes after those of the United States, reserving meanwhile the rights of the Marxian theory. Their whole dream is to prove in fact that Leninism is able, as a system of production, to rival Americanism. It is to Pittsburg or Chicago that the Soviet experts go to seek the models which they disguise in the garments of social mysticism.

In this rivalry between two nations which represent the two extreme poles of the actual world, one must underscore an important fact. Russia can dispense with comfort, but not with religious sustenance, even when there is a question of science and industry. It is a new faith, fundamentally material, which Leninism is attempting to constitute. In it material values are becoming, through a complete transfiguration, moral values. The point of view is absolutely opposed to that of America: for across the sea, the material values on the one hand, and the spiritual values on the other, are of quite different origins. The hiatus which separates the one from the other is at the bottom of the American unrest. But a study of that lamentable duality which is found everywhere in the U. S. A. would demand a separate treatment.

Europe, however, may have great need of understanding America! To content itself with the accolade of La Fayette or with the Taylor system in forming an idea of that formidable country, is insufficient, dangerous! Formidable and fatal are those polished gentlemen, those flatterers, who imagine that nations must engage in reciprocal gallantries, in voluntary delusions. Error which leads to terrible awakenings! I believe that all those who bring into the Old World truths about America—let these truths be favorable

or unfavorable—are the ones who are useful to the two continents.

I have just spoken quite bluntly of the ignorance of Europeans concerning America. But let us not forget the reverse side. . . . I visited recently, in the Eastern States, a series of universities: I found there an admirable teaching corps who strive to give the students that harmonious collection of ideas which go to make what was called formerly, in France, *"l'honnête homme."* And, in particular, they strive to give an understanding of the races and literatures of the Old World. But does this learning received by the youth resist very long after maturity the prejudices which sway the country? I have discovered everywhere, in America, even among well informed business men, certain unbelievable misconceptions respecting the Old Continent.

Without going as far as San Francisco, from whose horizon the European landscapes are seen through the haze of distance, there is at this moment in New York a theater where the program confuses Sweden and Switzerland. . . . Doubtless two islands of the European Archipelago!

Nevertheless the reciprocal misunderstanding of the New and the Old World menaces both with the most far-reaching peril. The white race today is tending to divide itself into two groups, each of which would evolve in its own way. This peril, which I will call for the moment "the bifurcation of the white race" is the work of those who would jeopardize the work of mankind on the planet. Man has something better to do than to divide into blocks this little bit of briefly impregnated clay that ceaselessly wastes away beneath our feet. The earth has become so small that it is perilous for the nations to misunderstand each other. Everything which aids in establishing between continents justice and understanding does a service to humanity.

IS THERE A SOUTHERN RENAISSANCE?

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I

A LITERARY prognosis of the United States reveals, I believe, something like the following. The cycle of literary production in the Middle West has reached a pause: the poets who created the renaissance of 1910—Sandburg, Masters, Lindsay—exhibit no new developments and have raised up few followers; and the great line of western novelists, of whom Garland and Robert Herrick are the deans, has dwindled into Glenway Westcott in the younger generation, and risen to Willa Cather in the intermediate group. Aside from the sardonic verses of Robinson Jeffers and the denunciations of Upton Sinclair, no new voice reaches us from the Pacific coast. New York is given over to "personality" novels, experimental plays, and mystery stories. New England continues to cherish Robert Frost and E. A. Robinson, but the younger poetic group—Wilbert Snow, James Whaler, and the rest—are not writers of great power, and though that region furnishes its usual quota of essayists and novelists, it has nothing distinctive to say. Finally, the writers of intellectual prose and poetry must be counted in the total picture, albeit they owe allegiance to no particular region.

In the South, however, there is a distinct re-birth of letters. Southern names—Cabell, Mrs. Peterkin, Isa Glenn, Ellen Glasgow, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Maristan Chapman—are high in the list of distinguished contemporary novelists; a southern dramatist, Paul Green, seems to some a writer who may one day stand beside Eugene O'Neill; and a distinguished group of books by DuBose Heyward, Howard Odum, Robert R. Moton, Mrs. Peterkin, E. C. L.

Adams, Roark Bradford and others, has presented Negro life outside the usual conventions of sentimentality. Moreover, the southerners are also writing important biographies: Winston's "Andrew Johnson," John Donald Wade's "Life of Augustus Baldwin Longstreet," Allen Tate's "Jefferson Davis." In poetry and criticism the South, of course, is still behind, but there is ground for the pride which Dixie takes in its new writers.

Of course this survey is full of obvious imperfections. It does not take into account the criticism of Paul E. More, the novels of Theodore Dreiser, "John Brown's Body," Eugene O'Neill, the critical work of Lewis Mumford, and much more. But still as a rough estimate, it is fair enough; the writers who are already established in the North and West are not likely to show any important new developments; their orbits are fixed, their worth and height are known, whereas, on the contrary, most of the important southerners are still in a process of development. One may reasonably argue that the South is the literary land of promise today.

But while the South is justifiably proud of its achievements, few intelligent southerners are wholly pleased with their general literary development. More southern authors are writing books, but, so far as the sale of these books is concerned, publishers find that most southern states do not count importantly, and that some of them do not count at all. The lack of literary agencies in Dixie like The Saturday Review and The Bookman means that the southern author has still to wait on metropolitan recognition before being accepted by his home folks; and though book-reviewing is brilliantly done by Donald Davidson and others in southern newspapers, and though southern literary quarterlies like The Virginia Quarterly Review, The Sewanee Review, and The Southwest Review print as good criticism as can be found in the country, the average southerner does not care passionately for reading.

Moreover, it is to be remarked that although a great deal of promising work is coming from the pens of younger southern writers—and by promising, I mean work which has freshness of point of view, and charm of style—one who seeks to measure the fundamental brainwork in these productions by the philosophic richness of much European work in the contemporary movement, concludes that if the South is the American land of promise in letters, southern letters are still a little thin, a little lacking in ideas. The theme of the crumbling of the generations is one which comes home closely to the South, but no southerner has created a novel as solid as Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks." No southern writer has revolutionized the methods of fiction as Proust and James Joyce have revolutionized fiction; no southern poet compares in intellectual virility to T. S. Eliot; no southern dramatist is significant as Shaw or Pirandello is significant; no aesthetician in the South is as subtle as Croce; no historian is as erudite and profound as Spengler. The ironies of Mr. Cabell do not differ greatly from those of Anatole France; the admirable novels of Ellen Glasgow are after all in the tradition of admirable novels; the southern biographer simply accepts the patterns of Strachey and Gamaliel Bradford; and the southern historian is inclined to enjoy the writings of Mr. Claude G. Bowers because they express his own point of view.

The South is not blameworthy in this regard; it does extraordinarily well; but if it be true that the most promising literary group in the country is the southern group, it becomes a matter of some interest to inquire what promise the South holds out for deeper work; and to ask, when contemporary southern literature is so good, why it is not better. It is a question of concern, not merely to southerners, but to all who are interested in the next stages of our national literary development.

II

Why are southern letters not richer in content? The

quest for an answer pushes us back into an historical explanation. Sometimes the conventional answers are those given to the question why our national letters are not richer than they are; sometimes the answer is in terms of southern history. We are, for example, frequently told that the United States is still too young to have produced a great literature. Why a nation should be too youthful to produce a rich literary tradition, and yet be mature enough to have given birth to Franklin, Hawthorne, Poe, Emerson, Melville, Thoreau, and Whitman within a period (reckoned from birth-date to birth-date) of 113 years does not appear. Or we are told that the South is too poor to support the arts. But the same persons who advance this theory point with pride to the long cultural traditions of southern families, to the libraries collected by Virginia aristocrats, Charleston merchant-princes, and Louisiana planters, and take pride in their family portraits, their breeding, and their traditions. Indeed, historical research seems to prove that an interest in the arts was quite as widespread in the South as in New England; the New Englanders happened to catch the national attention first.

More frequently one hears the familiar tale of the economics of the slavery system, the poverty of the Civil War, and the social upheaval of the Reconstruction Era. No one acquainted with the facts (and, after "The Tragic Era," who lacks some acquaintance with them?) but must admit that the social and economic evils of reconstruction days were immense. At the same time, there is a good deal of sentiment and self-pity in the southern mind when this era is concerned. If Professor Allan Nevins is right, the southern people, by the end of the seventies, "were better educated, better clothed, better governed, and more thoughtful and alert" as a whole than when "the incubus of slavery, with all the fictitious wealth it represented, rested upon their shoulders." Moreover, as the populist movements, Hamlin Garland's autobiographical books, and some

seventy novels picturing social unrest in the years from 1880 to 1900 exist to prove, the North and West were passing through a severe economic upheaval also; and the hopeless lives of western farmers, the hopeless lives of the submerged tenth in the great cities, the hopeless rebellion of the laboring classes drew Crane and Garland and Howells and Wyckoff and Norris into a mood of righteous indignation that such things could be.

But it is also argued that the spiritual shock of the Reconstruction Era left the southern author without energy to write, without an audience to listen to him, and without anything significant to say. The argument would be better if it were in accord with the facts. As a matter of history, the Reconstruction Era is a period of great energy among southern literary men. In the middle of it Lanier did his best work. Timrod's poems were published in 1873. Paul Hamilton Hayne brought out volumes of verse in 1872 and 1875, and a collected edition in 1882. In 1865 Albion W. Tourgee settled in North Carolina where he remained until 1881; and during these years he published "Figs and Thistles," "A Fool's Errand," and "Bricks without Straw," all having to do with reconstruction problems. Frank O. Ticknor, author of "Little Giffin of Tennessee," wrote all his best work during the war or just after; his book was itself published in 1879. Richard Malcolm Johnston published his "Georgia Sketches" in 1864 and his "Dukesborough Tales" in 1871. Joel Chandler Harris began his Uncle Remus stories in 1880. Mary N. Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) began writing in the seventies, and published her first contribution to the Atlantic Monthly in 1878. The lives of southern authors were full of hardship; but literature is counted in terms of books, and there was no lack of important literary work in the South during the reconstruction years.

The reason is obvious. Northern publishers, eager and curious to know about the "new south," assisted the new

group of writers by exploiting their contributions. Edward King, sent by Scribner's Monthly to make a tour of that region for his "Great South" papers, encouraged George W. Cable to transfer his work from the New Orleans Picayune to northern magazines; and in 1873 Cable was receiving letters from Richard Watson Gilder to the effect that "you have the makings of one of the best story-writers of the day," and the incident is typical. When the Civil War broke out, Thomas Nelson Page was an eight-year-old boy on a Virginia plantation. "He had been born," says a critic, "at precisely the right moment. He had been a part of the old régime during the early impressionable years . . . and he was young enough when the era closed to adapt himself to the new order." His pictures of Virginia life won a ready market in the North. Irwin Russell preceded Cable in Scribner's Monthly by one year; his first pictures of the plantation darkey were published in that periodical in 1876. In 1888 Tourgee was writing in The Forum:

> It cannot be denied that American fiction of to-day, whatever may be its origin, is predominatingly Southern in type and character. . . . A foreigner studying our current literature, without knowledge of our history, and judging our civilization by our fiction, would undoubtedly conclude that the South was the seat of the intellectual empire in America and the African the chief romantic element of our population.

The notion that the reconstruction time was a period of lean years in southern letters seems to have little foundation in fact.

III

Doubtless this literature had its defects—we are just now in no mood to appreciate its solid virtues—but it was taken seriously in its own day, and supplemented as it was by the vigorous social thinking of Grady and Hill and Vance, its problems were much like those of the contemporary move-

ment, its virtues and defects much like those of the literature of our time. It does not give us the answer to our question. Let us go further back into the history of the South.

Observers sometimes seek to explain the relative weakness of southern letters by the romanticism which accompanied a slavery economy. Mark Twain furnished the key phrase when he said that the novels of Sir Walter Scott ruined the South. Certainly a faded and elegant Byronism, a sham romantic chivalry were much in vogue during the palmy days of the Cotton Kingdom. The falsities of the historical novels of William Gilmore Simms, the vague, high-sounding rhetoric of poets like Thomas Holley Chivers, the elegant emptiness of the "literary essays" in the short-lived southern magazines are all documents in the case. Then as now the South, viewing literature as an elegant amusement, failed to support its literary men: Poe fled north, and the biography of so typical a figure as Dr. George William Bagby of Virginia is filled with complaints of southern indifference to his career.

The facts are true, but they are not all the facts. The disease was national. The historian Schouler described American literary taste in the first quarter of the last century as "squeamish, affected, finical, full of classical pretensions, the toad-eater of the rich and patronizing to the poor, inane, wholly out of sympathy with American democracy," and Schouler wrote long before Mr. Mencken. McMaster dubs the same period "the puerile age of our literature." Reminding us that the most popular poet was Longfellow, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks also reminds us that he had a "pale-blue, melting nature." Mr. John Macy dismisses our literature of this whole epoch as "idealistic, sweet, delicate, nicely finished." The picture is exaggerated, the emphasis is bad, but if southern letters have been blamed for sentimentalism, I can not see that they differed greatly from American literature elsewhere in the same years. The one great exception was the New England group, who furnished us "our golden day."

But the South, too, was having a golden day of its own. Thomas Jefferson could not foresee the industrialization of the United States, and doubtless his theory of an agricultural democracy had its naïve aspects, but Professor Chinard has just written a book to prove that he is one of the great political thinkers of the United States and of the world. His theories, modified to fit the peculiar institutions of the South, formed the basis of one of the most carefully articulated social structures the nation has ever seen; and it is significant that the anti-Hamiltonian doctrine of the great Virginian triumphed in politics to such an extent that between 1828 and 1860 the Democrats won every presidential election save two; and that, in these two cases (Harrison in 1840 and Taylor in 1848), the milk of victorious Whiggery was watered with Jeffersonianism.

The triumph of the Democrats meant that the Cotton Kingdom came into its own. To the articulation and defence of that system, which in our day has drawn the admiration of Professor William E. Dodd and Mr. Allen Tate, some of the finest brains of the nation were drawn. The sole rivals of Webster in the great triumvirate which make memorable the history of the Senate were Calhoun and Clay. The politics and society of the southern system found their defenders in these men and in brilliant orators like them, such as Hayne. The economics of slavery raised up a brilliant defender in Dew of Virginia—one of the few original thinkers in this field that America has produced. Mr. Allen Tate quotes from William Harper's "Memoir on Slavery" (1838) the following sentence:

> To constitute a society a variety of offices must be discharged, from those requiring the very lowest degree of intellectual power to those requiring the very highest. It should seem that the endowments ought to be apportioned according to the exigencies of the situation. And the first want of a society is leaders,

and remarks with some irony that this sentence might have

been written by the modern American "humanists." The South anticipated their program by some eighty years.

Moreover, the parts of the Cotton Kingdom were all in good working order. There was a direct inter-relation between politics, the bar, and the training of students in law and in the liberal arts. In 1860 there were some 19,000 college students in the South, not to speak of those who went North to college; the East had only 10,500, Middle and New England states included. The University of North Carolina had to wait until the twentieth century to graduate a class larger than that which left it a few years before the Civil War. The University of Virginia—again a Jeffersonian creation—was the only American university founded on an original model; and the University of South Carolina was in the heyday of its glory. Only a sectarian conflict within the state prevented the University of Georgia from being equally important.

In sum it does not appear that the slavery system throttled intellectual life in the South; on the contrary, if, as the late Professor Parrington believed, our political literature is our national glory, the South played a part in shaping that literature which probably surpasses, and certainly equals, the part played by New England. There was a healthy intellectual life in Dixie; it so happened, however, that it did not express itself characteristically in *belles-lettres*. We must therefore lay the slavery system aside as an explanation for the failure of southern letters to be as important as one would like them to have been.

IV

But the difficulty with a political literature is that it fades with the passing of the issues out of which it is born. Only rarely does a Burke or a Webster transcend the issues of the moment; and for the most part the utterances of Southern leaders, though they draw the admiration of the historian, are permitted to gather dust. In the meantime

the great names in American letters continue to be Franklin, Bryant, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, Whitman, all but two of whom are New Englanders by birth, and all but three of whom are part of the story of New England literature. And in considering the Golden Day of New England as compared with the Golden Day of the South, one is immediately confronted with the striking fact that, whereas the latter was nourished in politics, the former was nourished in religion. The literature of New England began with theological controversy. That theological controversy nourished intellectual independence. As a result, late into the nineteenth century, New England protestantism continued to produce original writers—the Transcendental movement itself is, indeed, a phase of New England unitarian thought.

No student of Tyler's great history of colonial American letters can escape the conclusion that the connection between the church and the intellectual and artistic life of colonial New England was intimate, and that, in Professor Cairns' phrase, "it is easy to trace a continuous development from these pioneers in authorship to the New England of today." William Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation" relates the "spetiall worke of Gods providence in New England"; its phraseology is that of the Old Testament and the Book of Revelations. John Winthrop's "History of New England" is studded with remarkable and special *acta Dei* done through New Englanders. Edward Johnson's "The Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England" is sufficiently described by its title. Not to speak of John Cotton, John Williams, Thomas Hooker, and the Mathers, Samuel Sewall's great diary is the record of spiritual travail, Jonathan Edwards, by common consent the profoundest philosophical writer in American history, is the product of religion, New England colonial poetry is overwhelmingly religious, and even Franklin is soberly concerned about unitarianism and God. In the

Revolutionary Era New England pulpits furnished the political orators with arguments and are among the major sources of propaganda in the epoch.

In the next generation figures like the Dwights carry on: Timothy Dwight's "Travels in New-England and New-York" is a four-volume report by a spiritual top-sergeant, and his "Theology Explained and Defended" in five volumes is a text book of spiritual strategy against deism. In the great efflorescence of New England letters, the Transcendental movement, which concerned Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Jones Very, and the rest, is fundamentally a militant unitarianism. A brooding consciousness of sin, it is a commonplace, is central in Hawthorne. Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, and Longfellow in their varying ways—they, too, express their feeling of the intimacy of God and man, Quaker or mystic, unitarian or trinitarian though their faith may be. Even among the politicians, as the "Diary" of John Quincy Adams amply shows, religion is central: at the opening of every New Year that embodiment of the New England conscience casts up his accounts with his Maker. Doubtless there is much aridity, much ungraciousness, even much hypocrisy in this literature, but there is behind it a driving force, an intellectual energy which is admirable; and the relative freedom for individual development which the characteristic revolutions of New England religious life permitted allowed the growth of philosophic doctrine and transcendental vision.

When now we turn to the South we find no such history. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Anglican clergy set up their chapels of ease in the upper South, quarrelling sometimes with colonial governments and sometimes with their parishioners, but, being themselves of the dominant English church, they lacked the fighting edge of Puritanism, that doomed and desperate cause. The story of Wesley's misadventures in Georgia is the story of an

emotional, not an intellectual, conflict; and as Methodism spread among the lower classes, it failed to develop intellectual energy, preferring instead emotional and irrational controls. Presently a great religious revival—evangelical Methodism, the Baptist movement, a renewed and often internecine Presbyterianism—flowed like a torrent over the South, throttling the intellectual daring of deism but substituting no philosophy in its place which could not be bounded by camp-meeting and revival, circuit-rider and personal conversion; and while doctrinal sermons which were exhibitions of intellectual energy were doubtless preached, the striking failure of the southern church was its failure to produce effective thinkers and a vital philosophy. The characteristic products of that church are perhaps Lee, one of the truest of Christian gentlemen, and Jackson, who would have felt at home with Cromwell's Ironsides, admirable men both, but not precisely philosophers; whereas the characteristic products of New England religion are its thinkers and its literary men.

The South may point with pride to the good and quiet lives of thousands of southerners, white and black, and argue that the southern churches have amply justified their existence. But though one may pay every tribute to their admirable work in the field of personal conduct, it is yet fair criticism that the concern of the southern churches has been more with morality than with thought, more with the beauty of holiness than with the holiness of beauty. The southern protestant churches have never developed a distinctive theology, and, naturally enough, have never produced a great theologian, a great philosopher, or a great moralist. Central as they are in southern life, they have to exhibit no great Christian poet like Milton, no great apologist like Newman, no great preacher like Hooker. What is even more curious, despite their profound interest in popular religion, the southern churches have not produced either a great religious book like "Pilgrim's Progress" or a great

hymn like "Lead, Kindly Light." In fact, a hostile critic of southern protestantism might say with considerable truth that in the intellectual field it is one of the least original, the least productive of the various branches of the Christian faith, and I fear that an honest apologist for the church would have the greatest difficulty in denying the truth of the accusation.

When therefore we see on the one hand the great line of New England writers linked through three centuries with the varying phases of New England religious life, and, on the other hand, behold the southern church in command of the intellectual life of that region and yet absorbing energy without giving it forth in the shape of productive thought and imaginative creation, the conclusion seems inevitable that one of the main causes for the relative poverty of southern letters lies in the failure of the church in this region to become the creative force in the world of the intellect which the church has elsewhere proved to be.

V

Let the cause be what it may, the newer movement in southern letters is certainly drawing no nourishment from religion. Profoundly significant because profoundly prejudiced is Mr. Herbert Asbury's "Up from Methodism." The prejudice is evidently due to the fact that Mr. Asbury feels that he must fight against an atmosphere of illiberal religiosity which has threatened to swallow up his individuality. The significance lies in the fact that Mr. Asbury's case is the case of most southern writers today. It is symptomatic. Indeed, most of them would stare in amazement if they were told that there is any necessary connection between religion and art. Phrased another way, however, the connection becomes clearer: there is a necessary connection between a point of view, a philosophy of life, and art, and the southern church has driven every important southern writer away from its point of view. The result may or may

not be bad for the writers, but is certainly bad for the churches and it is certainly bad for the South. For, antagonized by the illiberality of the churchly attitudes, infuriated by the acceptance of merely material advantages in the "business man's civilization" which the South has adopted, the southern writer is not southern at all; he is merely living in the South, and he happens to write of themes which take their local coloring from his immediate environment. The deep nostalgia which the writings of Mr. Allen Tate and Mr. John Crowe Ransom display for the civilization of the slavery system is one of the most revelatory aspects of the contemporary movement.

It seems to me therefore that southern letters will remain merely charming and interesting, merely regional studies and topical books, until such time as the South again stands for a significant idea. The slave civilization has crumbled, taking with it the political literature which it created. The southern church has failed to provide an adequate philosophy of life. The industrial movement in the South does not differ from the industrial movement elsewhere in the United States except as, being newer, it is cruder and greedier. If, however, the South can once more put forth a significant interpretation of life, if it can stand again for something that is coherent and whole, the promise of its artistic development may pass into fruition. Presumably that tradition must combine the two most important elements in southern history—the impressive structure of Jeffersonian social thinking, and the equally impressive history of an aristocratic life in the arts. Combined, they make up a program of liberalism—an ominous word, I know, but one which needs to be rehabilitated—in which it is possible that the South might make an important addition to national thought. But that is another story.

WHAT IS HUMANISM?

By ROBERT SHAFER

HUMANISM has become a word of increasing importance amongst intelligent people. It is *not* important because it denotes, as Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick hastily assumed in an article in the December Harper's, a new effort to eat one's cake and have it too, an effort to accept naturalism while denying the consequences of acceptance. No, it is important in our day precisely because it is basically, uncompromisingly anti-naturalistic, while not founded upon miracle, nor upon unsifted tradition, nor upon the supposed universal consent of long-past generations of men, nor upon alleged evidences of providential design in the structure of the universe, nor upon any ground less firm, less acceptable, less verifiable than real, immediate human experience. Its sole ultimate warrant lies in experience, and its value arises from its solid justification of man's persistent sense that his life is important, is significant, is purposive, is spiritual, and may lead, if directed aright, to enduring happiness.

The word itself is comparatively new in the English language, as such things go. The Oxford Dictionary records no instance of its use earlier than 1812, when Coleridge employed it to designate the belief that the nature of Christ was merely human. And as late as 1877 John Addington Symonds, in the "Renaissance in Italy," felt constrained to defend himself for his use of this new word with a German, or pedantic, sound. By that time, however, humanism was fairly established both as the designation of the creed of classical humanists—for which Symonds found it indispensable—and as the equivalent of humanitarianism. In these senses,

diverse though not wholly unrelated, it continues to be used, and to that extent is a fluid term. But in 1908 Professor Irving Babbitt, of Harvard, vigorously protested, in the interest of clear thinking, against this unnecessary double service to which the word has been constrained, and attempted to restrict it to a single definite meaning. No one, of course, by argument or force can prevent the misuse of words; but for this proposal there was everything to be said. Moreover, Mr. Paul Elmer More had, for several years before 1908, been writing virtually in terms of the distinction made by Professor Babbitt; and the work of these two men has since gone together, in the gradual elaboration of a critical philosophy, to give humanism its real and full meaning and its present importance.

In the beginning the distinction attempted was simply this: 'humanist' and 'humanitarian' have always had different meanings, and there has been no tendency to confuse them, or to regard the former as merely a short and convenient equivalent for the longer word. But if we need these two words, each for its own meaning, we equally need two words as different in meaning to designate the creed of the humanist and the creed of the humanitarian. Humanism and humanitarianism satisfy this requirement; and the former, then, should be restricted to its obviously proper use. So restricted, it stands broadly for the constant efforts of humanists to define the characteristic excellence of man, and to guide men towards its achievement. And from the time of Socrates until the present day humanists have continually returned to the law of measure as the fundamental precept, obedience to which will bring men into fulness of life. "Nothing too much" had become a proverb when Socrates conversed in the public places of Athens. Aristotle wrote his "Ethics" around it, defining human excellence precisely as the middle position between two extremes equally vicious. Horace gracefully practiced and taught the middle way, and gave us the phrase for it which we still use—the golden

mean. In that phrase, if anywhere, is summed up the common sense of civilized mankind on the subject of the good or happy life. Several of the sayings of Pascal may serve here to illuminate its import:

> Grandeur is not shown by being at one extremity, but in touching both at once, and filling the whole space between.
>
> When we would pursue the virtues to their extremes on either side, vices present themselves, which insinuate themselves imperceptibly there, in their insensible course towards the infinitely great, so that we lose ourselves in vices, and no longer see virtues.
>
> Excessive or deficient mental powers are alike accused of madness. Nothing is good save mediocrity. To leave the mean is to leave humanity. The greatness of the human soul consists in knowing how to keep the mean. So little is it the case that greatness consists in leaving it, that it lies in not leaving it.

That is humanism, in its constant, most general form. The Renaissance was a humanistic movement in so far as it was an effort to call men back to a due balance from a barbarous extreme of otherworldliness, which had abundantly proved itself to be vicious in its effects—one of which was a tendency to provoke equally barbarous extremes of passionate reaction or rebellion. The chief glories of modern civilization are the fruit of this effort—the witness to its need and to its success. Eventually, however, with the rise of physical science and of materialistic naturalism, the western world was led in an uprush of blind hope into a new barbarous extreme of earthliness. This was felt to be tragically dehumanizing in its effects, and the Romantic Movement of the early nineteenth century was a genuinely humanistic effort in so far as it was a protest, looking towards the recovery of balance, against the mechanical conception of the universe. Carlyle was one of its leaders, and his conception of the hero and of the hero's place in life was one of his deeply felt reactions motivated by humanistic considerations. Carlyle, however, complained that though men listened to him eagerly, they did

not follow his guidance—and this was true. And in general it was true of the romantic writers that they did not check the dehumanizing tendencies of their age. There was more than one reason for their failure. The movement was, like the Renaissance, complex, so that no simple generalization can account for it. Many were so swayed by the dominant thought of the time that they ended by really strengthening it—merely substituting a sentimentalized naturalism for mechanistic naturalism. Others, like Carlyle, *felt* strongly and, in general, truly, but were powerless to translate their emotions into thought and concrete proposals. Something different from finely rhythmical or rhetorical vapourings about the undying grandeur of the human spirit, and so forth, was required—and was not, on the whole, forthcoming.

Arnold, as is well known, ascribed the failure of the Romantic Movement to the fact that its leaders did not know enough. Arnold himself was clear-sighted and informed, and was consciously and determinedly humanistic in his criticism and in much of his poetry. Not the least valuable of his endeavours was the effort—notably in his essays on Wordsworth and Emerson—to distinguish and save what was fruitfully and profoundly significant from the already crumbling fabric of romanticism and to connect his own work therewith. Nevertheless, Arnold failed as completely as the enemy could have desired to check the overwhelming current of naturalistic thought, and the equally overwhelming confidence of men that the progressive improvement of life's material circumstances was surely ushering in an era of perfect earthly felicity. The reasons need not now be asked, but it must be said that even had he had better opportunities for his real work, greater forcefulness, and deeper insight, still, he would inevitably have failed to alter the headlong course of nineteenth-century thought and activity.

Other voices of protest there were, but it remained for Mr. Paul More and Professor Babbitt, in the opening years of the present century, to make themselves the inheritors

of Arnold's task and, in their own country, the critical but true inheritors of Emerson. In so doing they had to make it clear why the Romantic Movement, despite the sound aims and true insight of some of its leaders, had ended by playing into the hands of the enemies of man, and they had also to make it clear that the task of humanism in our day must be one of opposition to naturalistic thought and to the encroachments of science just as, in a former day, it was one of opposition to a barbarous, dehumanizing extreme of otherworldliness.

It would have been astonishing had they been at once successful in these tasks, and especially in the latter. For the onward sweep of 'modern science' through the nineteenth century seemed irresistible, and was in fact magnificent in its great succession of triumphs—though it did at the same time provoke sporadic passionate reactions, in their nature very like those provoked by mediaeval Christianity. The latest of these in America is Fundamentalism, to whose real meaning, and importance as a warning, our leaders of opinion have been apparently about as blind as were mediaeval leaders in the face of essentially similar phenomena. The suggested parallel can be pushed much further. Our modern conviction has been that in the methods of physical science we have at length obtained the key to absolute knowledge of reality, and that only time is required to complete the picture already familiar in its general outlines and finished as to certain details. The basis of this conviction has been the marvellous success which has attended the application of scientific discoveries;—transforming the material circumstances of our lives in countless ways which have come home to everybody. The basis, in other words, has been undeniable evidence, so impressive that we have been ready to believe every claim reputably made for science and everything reputably said in the name of science.

A great deal of nonsense has been gravely uttered, by Huxley and his successors down to Mr. Walter Lippmann,

about the grand manner in which the modern man, under the salutary guidance of science, has repudiated the principle of 'authority,' demanding 'evidence' for all of his beliefs. This is nonsense because no one thinks of denying that men in every past generation of which we know anything formed their beliefs in terms of what they took to be 'undeniable evidence.' But they were wrong, we now say, they were credulous, they believed whatever their masters told them. Yet the rapidity with which 'modern science' changes—advances, as we put it—proves nothing so cogently as that we have not the slightest ground for imagining that *our* 'undeniable evidence' will long be regarded as conclusively supporting the inferences now generally drawn from it. Why have we accepted those inferences?—Because of our faith in 'science'; because, since it has told us much, we have concluded that it can tell us everything. We have, in short, changed our masters, but we have not repudiated the principle of 'authority.' It is operative amongst us to precisely the same extent, and in precisely the same way, that it was operative amongst men eighteen hundred years ago or eight hundred years ago.

And what have our new masters told us? They have required us, in the name of intellectual honesty, to believe that the world we know is the accidental consequence of 'matter' somehow set in motion, and moving eternally in obedience to unalterable laws, but to no end. We ourselves are not merely caught in this purposeless round—we are a part of it, and an insignificant part—helplessly going through our appointed motions like marionettes. But since, at the same time, we have ourselves discovered the 'undeniable evidence' leading to this conclusion, along with many other wonderful facts enabling us more and more largely to control our environment according to our wishes, it also follows that we are on the road to a perfect and perfectly happy existence. Only a few months ago Mr. Bertrand Russell said: "International government, business organi-

zation, and birth control should make the world comfortable for everybody. . . . With the problem of poverty and destitution eliminated, men could devote themselves to the constructive arts of civilization. . . . The road to Utopia is clear."

Can these extraordinary, these absolute extremes of pessimism and of optimism both be true? Can anyone not blindly enslaved by the authority of 'modern science' believe either of them to be true? The effort, indeed, to digest this and other contradictions of 'modern science,' which are no less complete, can logically issue only in the contempt for truth; and in fact America's 'foremost sage' and certain associated sages have endeavoured to erect what looks suspiciously like the contempt for truth into a philosophical principle. So desperate a proposal should incline men, not to resigned acceptance, but to earnest inquiry into the real nature of science. This is not an excessively difficult question. Modern science arose as an effort to see how far the structure of the universe could be described mathematically. The attempt could not be pushed far without abstraction. Accordingly those elements of experience which could not be reduced to mathematical terms were simply discarded—with results so wonderful that a strong prejudice inevitably arose in favour of the tractable elements of experience as alone 'real.' A strictly analogous difficulty and consequent prejudice appeared in biology, and, later still, in anthropology, where 'man' became promptly and oddly synonymous with 'prehistoric man.' In biology what has been needed is a generalization which could account for man in terms of the amoeba, or vice versa;—and the attempts to satisfy this need have been equally remarkable from whichever end the problem has been attacked. Either man is merely an intricate and exaggerated amoeba—merely a complicated receptacle of the 'life-force,' as has been seriously urged—or the amoeba is 'potentially' man, whatever that means.

Are these prejudices rational?—are they necessary? They

are not rational; they are not necessary; they are the consequences of a misplaced faith and are requisite—not to science—but simply to the overgrown and baseless pretensions of science. Everybody now recognizes, I imagine, that because Mr. Henry Ford was able to make cheap automobiles it does not necessarily follow either that his cheap motors were certainly the last word in cheapness, or that this singular person himself was thus proved to be an oracle of absolute truth of whatever kind. But the question about science is really no other than this. The criterion of science is whether or not its predictions answer to experience—whether or not its generalizations are, as we say, verifiable. When the generalizations yielded by a given method of analysis do answer closely to experience we have what we are pleased to call 'science,' but we do not even then have absolute knowledge;—there always remains, not simply the well-known 'margin of error' which may be reduced, but also the fact that successful results have been obtained only by discarding certain intractable elements of experience in favour of others not more 'real' but just more manageable. Furthermore, because a provisional and imperfect knowledge of certain phenomena has been obtained by the use of an appropriate technique, it does not follow that this technique has thus been proved to be an infallible method, of universal validity, for distinguishing truth from error, or the real from the unreal. The technique is valid, in so far as it really works—but the sole test of that is experience. When a technique results in the 'discovery' that man is simply an intricate and exaggerated amoeba, we have learned something of great importance about that technique, but nothing of any importance about man. For, in general, when discoveries go counter to experience we may be perfectly sure that we are confronted, not by science, but by delusions born of misplaced faith. And, in general, we may be perfectly sure that we are suffering from a radical misapprehension of the nature and possibilities of science

if we imagine, for example, that science can tell us anything of positive importance about the distinctive qualities of man and about man's ultimate destiny. We should remember that without man we should have no science; that our existence as responsible, purposive, intelligent beings is the indispensable condition which alone makes science, or even the hope for science, possible; and that naturalistic thought, consequently, whether contingent, mechanistic, or vitalistic, derives not the slighest support from 'modern science.' The naturalism now current amongst us, as a matter of fact, depends upon misunderstood science which already is itself largely out of date.

Comprehension of the real place of science in human life, then, throws us back, for any profitable understanding of man, upon the consideration of him as a being anterior to science, beyond the boundaries of science. For such an understanding we must consult the whole body of accessible, recorded human experience, and in this endeavour we may —indeed, we must—include 'modern science' as one of the facets of human experience, but as only one, and perhaps not the one which can tell us most. This conclusion or some real approach to it is, I believe, being reached to-day by an increasing number of educated and intelligent people, and particularly by those who know most about very recent science, and who know best that the cause of science itself will be aided, not hindered, by a better understanding of its limitations;—an understanding which, for one thing, will enable men sharply to distinguish science from the dubious activities and propagandas of educationists, sociologists, behaviourists, psycho-analysts, and other gentry who are nowadays trading upon the authority of 'modern science.'

And it is this conclusion or, as I say, some real approach to it which is now turning attention to humanism. For twenty-five years ago or more, when every active influence was powerfully operative in favour of unlimited confidence in science and in favour of the complete externalization of

life, Mr. Paul More and Professor Babbitt had the insight to see through the pretensions of science and to realize that what was needed, even more than it had been a century earlier, was a new humanism. There were then few to hear them, and fewer still to believe that they were not simply voices from the dead past, as it was popular to say. Mr. More has amusingly told—in the twelfth volume of his "Shelburne Essays," "The Demon of the Absolute" (1928)—how he "used to solace himself with the boast that he was at once the least read and most hated author in existence." But he and Professor Babbitt had a firm grasp of the fact that the world did not begin anew in 1859 or thereabouts, a clear sense of the degradation of modern life being accomplished in the name of science and progress, and immediate knowledge of the reality of spiritual experience; they had strength, persistence, and the courage of their convictions; and they steadily proceeded through the years to lay the foundations and build the superstructure of a new humanism, inspired by the fundamental humanistic law of measure, or balance, but new in that it was formulated in the light of present circumstances and needs. And the consequence is that now, when attention is being turned to humanism, we have at hand not only the means of distinguishing the real thing from the still-flourishing humanitarianism which too frequently masks itself under the same name—we have at hand also a humanistic interpretation of life carefully, scrupulously built up through a long series of critical and historical discriminations, in which the effort is everywhere evident to take into account all of the facets of human experience.

To attempt here, even in outline, to set forth that interpretation and what it implies is not possible. But much that is central in it was admirably expressed in his own way by a Cambridge Platonist of the seventeenth century, Benjamin Whichcote:

It is not possible for a man to be made happy by putting him into a *happy place,* unless he be in a good state. A man

is not happy in the state wherein he is not qualified. We are not capable of happiness unless we be restored to innocency by repentance and renewed in part. . . .

For man's misery and harm doth not proceed from abroad, but arises out of himself, and is not by *positive infliction.* Men run upon mistakes: the wicked and profane think that if God *would,* they might take liberty to gratify and please themselves, and no harm done; and that it is the *will* of God only, that limits and restrains them; and they think that they were out of danger, if God would forbear a positive infliction; and that hell is only an incommodious place, that God by His power throws them into. This is the grand mistake. Hell is not only a positive infliction; neither is it possible that any man should be so miserable as the hellish state makes him, by any outward place only, but by the misery that ariseth out of his own self. For if omnipotency should load me with all burdens; if I were whole in myself, I could bear them, but if I be *faulty* and *guilty,* then I have a wound within me, and *I have nothing in myself, that is true to myself.*

This is not quite our language, nor the language of the new humanism, but the sense of man's nature and earthly situation expressed in these words is renewed in every generation amongst those who reflect, and is supported by an overwhelming weight of experience. "The grand mistake" is the self-flattering belief that man's troubles and griefs are imposed upon him from the outside, and are removable if only he can change this, that—everything except himself. He tries, how hard! and how unsuccessfully! only to learn, if he is one of those who can learn, that his troubles and griefs arise from within, that he is inwardly unsound, and that the renovation required is the reformation of himself. It is not an easy lesson. Nothing valuable is easy. The delusions born of pride are only cast off in humility. But this, no less to-day than in the past, remains true: that not the possession of 'advantages,' be they what they may, renders a man happy, but only the right use of circumstances. And the certainly right use to which any circumstances can be put is the derivation thence of knowledge

concerning ourselves, leading through self-control to ordered inner activity and serene detachment.

Detachment! But what I want, cries the 'natural' man, is freedom to satisfy my desires. Yet that is precisely the path wherein success is fatal. Desires grow by what they feed on, and end by enslaving us to ephemeral distractions which merely dissipate the self. The happiness which all men want is, within measure, attainable, but men are not born with an instinctive knowledge of that which will secure it to them. They are in fact born blind and must, as we say, make the best of themselves. It can be done. They are born creatures of impulse chasing will-o'-the-wisps, but by the self-control which alone makes practicable discrimination between impulses, and by the discipline which alone makes possible an enlightened or wise discrimination, they may become men of character, whose serene detachment is all compound of the only true happiness of man—the liberation of that which is timeless or eternal in him.

Man, in other words, is born with a divided nature. There is a conflict within him between impulse and judgment, between a worse and a better self, between passion and restraint, between that which seems to link him with the beast and that which the generations of men have agreed to call God-like. The acceptance of this dualism is the distinctive attribute of the new humanism and is that which makes it uncompromisingly anti-naturalistic. It is possible to stop, as Socrates apparently did stop, with the positive lessons of earthly experience, refusing to carry the implications of man's dual nature beyond those bounds. And here, as the reader of his books will find, Professor Babbitt desires to stop, as may others in our day. But Professor Babbitt candidly recognizes, with Mr. Paul More, that the implications of dualism are in deep and full accord with the historic Christian interpretation of life. Sound humanism does in fact lead unescapably to the religious attitude towards life, and justifies man's sense that he is a being not only purposive, intelligent, and personal, but also spiritual.

THE PICNIC

By WALTER DE LA MARE

THERE was an empty, pensive look on Miss Curtis's face as she stood there, solitary, by the (as yet unblinded) shop door, the finger and thumb of her small firm hand idly twisting the pencil stuck in between the two little black buttons of her black bodice. She was looking out through the glass of the door into the street, while Miss Mavor on the further side of the shop was drawing down the other blinds—a swoop and a swish to each, in turn. Miss Mavor did everything like that.

It was the first week of a hot September. The homeward stream of people in the street outside had long since begun to ebb. A late evening sky hung over London, painting with its faint colours the glassy windows of the houses opposite, right down, Miss Curtis noticed, to the top of the first floor. Then the darker parts began. All quiet; all serene; and the close of another busy competent day.

With her set, square, capable face, its dark eyes in curious contrast to the pallor of the skin, she seemed to have fallen into a reverie. She herself with her neat handbag and her admirable umbrella would soon be returning to her lodgings. All lights out, she would open this door, shut it, lock the padlock, give it a tug and, after one look to left and right, just in case of "suspicious characters," she would go off home. And anybody who happened to meet and look at her would know that she was a woman well able to take care of herself—or of anything else, for that matter.

Miss Curtis wasn't proud of it, but she knew she could be relied on. And so she had got on in the world, and was

still getting on. You can never tell indeed into what comfortable port a capable head will not finally conduct you if softly and steadily you follow its nose. Miss Curtis's nose stood out straight and able. She would have made a formidable figurehead if, head and bust, she had been modelled in wood and dyed with woad and crimson for the purpose. But though, since she was now manageress of the "establishment," and to that extent her own mistress, she could in most things have her own way, yet she was always the first to come, and tonight as on all other nights she would be the last to go. She just lived for her business; that's what it came to.

Silly pretty little Phyllis had left the shop at least an hour before. Miss Curtis had been reminded of her by the sight of yet another belated sylph-like young woman tripping along in her champagne stockings to her own particular tryst. The child had asked her for time off—and much too soon after the last occasion. But it was difficult to say, No, even to a butterfly—when it happens to be in love. Miss Curtis had always believed in a firm hand, but not in *too* firm a hand. You must keep up appearances, and you must keep the rules—or discipline will suffer. But the rod of iron was not one of her fetishes, except in relation to herself.

Nobody was watching her now; the day was over, and for the moment she could let appearances take care of themselves. So every sign of competence and efficiency had gradually drained out of her features as she went on looking out into the street. Her face had become gentle, almost demure. It now resembled, quite unknown to herself, the plush-framed photograph on her mantelpiece which had been taken of her as a fat little girl in a round hat. She had sunk into the deeps as much as that, and she almost wished this pensive coloured scene might go on for ever.

But it wouldn't. Life wasn't like that, though you *had*

to stand aside sometimes and have a look at it, merely in order to keep on taking your part. Otherwise the less attention you gave it the better. It was hopeless to let it interfere with you.—career. Still you had your melting moments—silly ones, too; even dangerous perhaps. Mere memories of them did no harm, though. They helped. They made even *really* silly people more intelligible—and there was scarcely a moment in Miss Curtis's day when there wasn't *some* silly person about. And they kept a firm hand flexible. Indeed there were little events in Miss Curtis's past—though very few of them—that would now and then intrude into her mind like shy exotic animals into a highly conventional park—as though on purpose to amuse her.

Perhaps the funniest of all, the most absurd and ridiculous, yet in some ways the easiest to recall without minding much—simply because it *was* so absurd, so meaningless—was that few days' holiday she had spent at the sea-side, about five years ago. Some memories are like ghosts. So was this. Miss Curtis, at any rate, never knew when it was not going to re-appear. And she was almost sure to find it in her company at this particular hour of this particular kind of day.

And here, as if to prove it, was that "blind man" again, with his black goggles and his tin and his stick and his dog, tapping and groping along the darkening pavement outside. *He* never failed to call its cue. No marvel in that. Occasionally, if nobody was looking, Miss Curtis had slipped out to put a soundless penny into his tin, and he would lift his unshaven chin at her as if he still hoped he could take a look at so unexpected a patron through those awful lantern-like spectacles. Once, one summer evening, she had actually dropped a shilling into his tin. It wasn't sentiment; she knew he wasn't so much to be pitied as all that; but there are ways of letting *yourself* down, if you harden right off. But tonight—well, Miss Mavor was close upon her. "There goes that old one-eyed humbug with the dog," she was say-

ing, and down came her last blind. "I bet *he's* got some money in the bank."

Miss Curtis watched him absently out of sight. She didn't reply; Miss Mavor said everything like that. As for the blind beggar's having money in the bank, so had Miss Curtis; and a good deal more than this time five years ago. That summer indeed she had not only been actually out of a job for a few weeks, but instead of at once looking for another she had taken a holiday and just blued some of her savings. In really nice apartments, too. But then of course Miss Curtis, at her age, was never in any doubt of a job when she wanted one. She wasn't exactly lucky; she was efficient. Yet heavens, what a fool she had been. What a *silly* fool—and absolutely nothing to show for it, not even to herself when the lights were out, and she was alone!

Simply because she *was* so efficient and looked so ungullible and was so completely trustworthy, it was almost a solace now to realize that she could ever have been quite so fantastically silly—idiotic. Still, with memories of that kind silence is best. There are limits. Miss Curtis would no more have dreamed of sharing this old ghost with, say, Miss Mavor, than a crocus would dream of blossoming in the shadow of the North Pole. And the funny thing was, it was partly because it wasn't bad *enough,* looked at like that. You can stand up to the other. At least Miss Curtis supposed you could.

It had been at Newhampton—a nice quiet select little place. And it hadn't been in the horrible height of August either—the Newhampton "season"—but at the end of May, when only the idle rich can afford to enjoy such resorts. She remembered it as clearly as if she had been reading about it the night before in a novel. For the matter of that she remembered even *what* she had been reading about an hour or two before she had set out that afternoon on her last solitary picnic—the picnic that had never come off. Oh dear me, how amusing!—with her broken thermos flask, her rasp-

berry-jam sandwiches and her currant bun. After *that* little *contretemps* she had sat alone under the sand-dunes, staring at the sea—or with her eyes tight shut—for three solid hours, and then at last by a long way round had come back, sandwiches and bun still uneaten, to her lodgings.

Lying half in her first floor bedroom, in shadow, and half on its balcony, in the sun, she had spent the first part of that afternoon in a deck chair—dressed ready to go out—a rather dingy looking novel in her hand. By stooping forward a little and peeping round the brick corner of the balcony to the left she could see the placid English channel, steadfastly intent on its imitation of the colour of a baby's eyes. A tang of salt and sea-weed and stale fish was in the air, and that queer fizz of expectation which frequents all sea-side places was in her mind.

"Mind!" Why, your very inside gives a little happy jump every time even an idle boatman suggests a sail. She could even recall the exact look of the table at her mid-day meal—some dry cold tongue and stewed goose-berries and cream—though she hadn't eaten very much of either. That done, and cleared away, there she had lolled—yes, lolled — two cushions behind her head, her legs drawn up sideways under her, but very very carefully so that neither blouse nor tailor-made skirt should suffer from creases, while she continued to devour that precious novel. Simply to make the time go by. Not think of two things at once! What utter nonsense. Yet what a silly story it had been. Even Phyllis would have turned up her nose at such a fullyton as that. Indeed Miss Curtis had never finished it and what's more never would now. She had even forgotten to return the book to the stuffy little circulating library that had seemed such a ravishing addition to Newhampton the day after she had arrived.

That was the queerest thing of all, perhaps—why (when her own little affair—affair!—was over), a story so silly, so exaggerated, so *unreal* should have become positively nau-

seating in memory—almost as if it had been an extract from her own autobiography.

"Hearts Aflame": that was the title. And its author had chosen for his hero a man positively made and designed for victories over the inflammable sex. Nothing very original in that, perhaps. He was always most beautifully dressed, either in plus fours or for the evening, and with one glance of his piercing blue eyes, with one befondlement, and with the iciest *sang froid* he broke hearts wherever he went, never even turning aside to glance at the remains. And yet so far as Miss Curtis could see he never got the least bit of pleasure out of any heart in any condition—green, ripe, or rotten. It was merely a habit. He was just a Don Juan. On the other hand he was a Don Juan who had made a slip—before the story opened. For an Italian Countess had somehow succeeded in marrying him in spite of his efforts (even then apparent), to practise the part of Henry VIII without incurring its responsibilities. Poor hysterical racked drugged creature, by Chapter XXIII she had long ago of course lost every shred of belief or faith in him. And yet she had continued to hope (though nothing the author could say persuaded Miss Curtis that the Countess had *really* hoped) he would some day turn over a new leaf, one, that is, that would not be merely tantamount to turning over a new lady love. As if such men had any leaves to turn!

The little "night-orbed" Countess had had her wits about her too. She had remained an angler long after she had caught her fish—or rather had been caught by her fish. But in Chapter XXIV she had begun doing what Miss Curtis had often noticed ladies, especially titled ladies, often do in novels—she had decided to win back her husband by means of her charms. That was odd, too. The author kept on talking about the Countess's charms, but even Miss Curtis had sufficient sympathy with her promiscuous husband to agree that they weren't very conspicuous. Perhaps this was because she was so foreign. Whether or not, Miss Curtis

couldn't have supposed that anyone—even an Italian Countess, could be of her own sex and yet be so—so shameless. In a sort of stupid way, too. She had positively *no* reserve. She said things to her husband even when she knew he didn't care that you couldn't possibly say to *any*body if you remembered you were ever going to be alone again. She entreated him, she besought him—that was the word—to be kinder, to return to her, to remember all her sacrifices. "Oh," she would cry, grovelling at his feet, her sultry lambent eyes raining tears down her pale olive cheeks, "Oh, how I love you! How I love you!" And then in the same breath those very same eyes would be snapping crackers at him, "Oh, how I *hate* you! *How* I hate you!" Remarks like that of course are like holding the candle of your life in the middle and asking *any* Don Juan to burn it up at both ends.

And then had come Chapter XXV. In a desperate effort to retrieve her husband's affections the Countess had sent to Paris for the most seductive of new confections in ivory silk with jewels to match that Worth could supply—for she had still managed somehow to cling to the remnant of her pre-nuptial fortune. Miss Curtis had not cared much for the look of this "model" as it appeared in print. Perhaps that was because the book had been written by a man. But how silly of him not to ask his wife or his sister or his mother or a female friend what *she* thought of it. Anyhow the Countess had sent for it, and it had come, and there it lay, in its original package where her maid had put it—on her own little bed in her own little bedroom. And the Night of Nights was still to come. Alas, when that night did come her husband, morally speaking, had put even *him*self beyond the pale—though what the Countess thought of it Miss Curtis was never to discover. Miss Curtis had got thus far and no further. The wretched man, that is, at his wits' end to convince his last lady of his good intentions—though "lady" was perhaps hardly the word to use for her—had given the milliner's box precisely as it stood and with

all its contents, and without even seeing if they would fit, *to* that last lady and—well, that was the end of it.

For at this point Miss Curtis had let the book fall back into her lap, had folded her hands on its open pages and—realizing that she must set off now if she was to set off at all—with a long-drawn shuddering sigh of relief, expectation, dread and sheer physical fatigue, all in one, had stared vacantly out at the windows on the other side of the street. She would read what came after in bed that night.

But she didn't read anything in bed that night. She had lain (though not for nearly so many hours as she imagined next morning), staring into the dark, and every now and then softly laughing; and in a way she had never laughed since, and would never, if she could help it, laugh again.

For Miss Curtis in less than a week at Newhampton had fallen in love. She had fallen in love with a stranger sitting at a window at the other end of the esplanade. Not that she had ever confessed this in so many raw unrecallable words, even to herself. Not even at the time, when she had been at least five years younger. Five!—more like fifty. But one can know and never say; and if she had *not* been in love, why had the mere shadow of that homeward-bound, cadaverous blind man in the street made her feel slightly sick? And why, whenever the opportunity came, did she find herself staring like this out of the glass of the door into the darkening street if it were not something of a pleasure to feel a little sick like that?

Well, it didn't much matter now. She had long ago recovered her balance and could recall without a single pang every little incident that had followed the final putting aside of that utterly fatuous novel. Stories like that were of course *known* as "sensational." But life! Why the mere packing up of her sandwiches and her bun, her little talk with her landlady as she filled her flask with tea, the last glance at herself in the painted looking-glass between the photographs and the texts over the chimney-piece in her landlady's sit-

ting-room, the mere catching up of her gloves, as with a whisk of her tailor-made skirt she turned aside and with chin a little raised, bloused shoulders a little squared, she once more faced an experience which had become the very elixir of her existence—what did it all amount to but proof that writers of novels only dabble in tinctures while the essence for ever escapes them! You don't have to be a clay-coloured little Countess with Southern blood in your veins to find *that* out!

Miss Curtis had met her landlady again at the foot of the stairs, and had caught the far-away little cockcrow in her own heart at sight of the faded old eyes "taking her in." Probably they were no longer merely faded now—she had never seen the old woman since then, had only written that once, and then no more. And yet the house must be still there, sunning itself in the breezes, and may be somebody else's card with APARTMENTS in silver letters in the sitting-room window. Things went on whatever your *idea* of them might be. She remembered even what her landlady had said —just a few words. She had told her to enjoy herself while she was young—as had Solomon the Wise in other terms, and had added: "What's the sea-side *for* but to lay, as you might say, in that direction?"

Mrs. Evans's sea-side, as Miss Curtis had heard two or three times on the very evening of her arrival, had lain so little in that direction that only once during her long married and widowed life at Newhampton had she ventured out to the end of the pier. And then she hadn't been able to see "much in it what they fancy." But you mustn't of course judge of good counsel by the counsellor. Miss Curtis had smiled at the old woman, with her head on one side, as though, if you want to look as nice as you possibly can, it is as well to practise doing so at every opportunity.

And mention had been made of an egg—a nice fresh egg for her supper; she remembered that too, though not the egg itself. "There's always a nice fresh egg" — they were her landlady's very words; and Miss Curtis had replied with

the utmost gaiety and aplomb that if there *were*n't, why, there wouldn't be any more chickens and therefore there wouldn't be any more eggs. And they had both of them laughed. As a matter of fact on that occasion it hadn't seemed to matter the least bit in the world whether or not she was ever going to eat anything again as long as she lived. But she had none the less assured the old woman she would adore an egg—"As *you* boil them, you know!" and had then sallied out into the hot air down the sleepy street, and turned off towards the blue, bright, salty, sea-sweet esplanade.

There, she had paused. She had not only paused, but seated herself in one of the little glass and cast-iron shelters and gazed out at the far-away flurry of smoke of a small steamer that was steadily pushing its way round the extreme edge of the world, bound, like Miss Curtis, for some unknown port. And she tried and tried in vain to take stock of herself.

Wasn't it really and truly worse than ridiculous, almost as silly as that black-eyed, painted-up, feather-witted little Italian Countess herself, and much, after all, in the same way, to be sitting there actually out of breath, almost *unable* to breathe, simply in expectation of seeing a strange man? And not in the open, mind, but seated at a balconied window similar to but rather more spacious than the one she had just left, and gazing, as she was now, out to sea? The crisis had come so suddenly too. One glimpse at that lonely face and shoulders and she was never, never to forget him, though she *was* to get over him, so to speak.

Like most things in life, that seem to mean anything, it had all happened so instantly, so absolutely unforeseeably. Miss Curtis had been merely walking briskly along by herself—off to the sand-dunes, as usual, and a little absent in mind—and without in the least knowing why, as she came to the flagstaff, she had lifted her eyes and looked straight up across at him. And there he was—up there on the other

side of the street as if he had been waiting for her for *months*. There was something extraordinarily gentlemanly in his appearance—gentlemanly in the real sense. This was one of the first things she had noticed afterwards when she was back in her rooms again. And though he had been smiling, smiling straight out across at her, it was impossible to have taken the least offence at such boldness. It wasn't boldness. It was as natural as a child who likes the look of a stranger—of any sex—and of course doesn't mind showing it. There wasn't in fact the least little symptom of the cheeky, of the fast, in that smile. It was quiet, and far-away; lonely—that was the word.

And taken at a disadvantage like this, Miss Curtis had only been able to gaze blankly back. She was perfectly certain of that. And then after what had seemed an interminable exchange of secrets, she had rapidly lowered her head, averted her face, and hastened on to the dunes.

There, oddly enough, she had eaten up the whole of her tea at least half an hour before its usual time. A most curious thing—that just that first look from a stranger should have given her an appetite like a schoolgirl's at a birthday party, and that the next should have taken it almost completely away. For there had been a next. More than one. She simply couldn't help herself. The following afternoon she had no more been able to resist marching steadily along past the striped bathing-machines and the boats, with the seawash in her ears, and the marvellous vivacity of it all tingling her senses, and she herself openly bound—she didn't deny it—for that shallow bow-window and its occupant, than she could stop herself yawning when she was tired.

And the one gnawing anxiety that followed was not that she ever scanned that window in vain, but that nothing else ever happened at all. There the young man would be—not in the least *too* young, of course—with that marvellous quiet dark face of his which she knew now by heart if ever woman can, yet with precisely the same remote welcoming smile on its features. That; and nothing more.

As for herself—and Miss Curtis had never minded acknowledging this the least little bit—why should she?—the third time she *had,* quite definitely, smiled back. She had raised her square face—and she knew she wasn't so bad-looking—and friendly, welcoming, all-hospitable, had given him smile for smile, and so openly that if they had met in the street, it couldn't else but have resulted in his raising his hat! And he, not in the least shocked—she wasn't such an idiotic judge of character as all that—had simply smiled on; a smile not exactly wistful, not exactly melancholy or sad, but as if its owner were in search of something of which he was only vaguely aware.

But why vaguely? Why vaguely? If only Miss Curtis hadn't been a little short-sighted, or had had the courage to wear *pince-nez*—which she did not consider suited her—she might have been able to explore that question more closely. All that she knew for certain was that—day after day and *after* she had first smiled back—that dark pale handsome romantic face was always turned in her direction when she came stepping along the sandy esplanade, and that it always wore the same look of genuine expectation, if not exactly of increasing interest. Of all this she was sure. And it had almost in her own phrase worn the inside out of her—the joy and expectation and waiting and doubting and longing of the whole thing.

And what if it had? Wasn't every sea-side resort frequented by pale dark piratical creatures, or fresh curly-haired fair ones, on the look-out for conquests? And much older ones, too, and much worse. But far from bothering about them, Miss Curtis had never paid any more attention to the species than she had to the Dad-and-Mum-and-three-little-nippers kind of tripper at Easter or in August, or to the young lovers on the beach. This young man at the window hadn't the faintest resemblance to such buccaneers. Obviously he wasn't even a visitor. He didn't even wear clothes different from the clothes you wear in London; just

dark blue or dark grey, so far as she could see, and always, unless her short sight misled her, as nicely finished off as if he had just left the hands of a valet.

At first her heart had sunk at the thought that he was perhaps a "resident." Residents of course never take the smallest notice of mere visitors. Far from it. Except on Sundays at church-time or when they go shopping they don't even appear on the esplanade, and if they do, they take good care to show that they are used to it and not much enjoying it. Why merely living at the sea-side should make you so haughty and exclusive Miss Curtis had never troubled to consider. Besides this young man at the window—he must be a *little* under thirty, she supposed—wasn't haughty and he was obviously not absolutely exclusive. Perhaps then he couldn't be a resident. But if he were neither a resident nor a visitor, what on earth could he be? And if he was a resident would he ever come out?

While Miss Curtis was only at Chapter XXI of "Hearts Aflame" she had ventured on in speculation even as far as that. And it was not because of any—well, whatever you like to call it—but because she couldn't be quite certain what that smile meant, that she hadn't quite consciously ventured further yet. Worse, she had begun to realize that though still far-away, his was a smile neither serene nor happy but a little pathetic. It was the smile of someone who is in search of something. What? Understanding? Companionship? Sympathy? Miss Curtis simply didn't know. And if it was any of these things what ought she to do? If only—not the sexes themselves—but the conduct of the sexes could be sometimes reversed—without any fatal results! If only she could have marched up to the door, knocked, asked for him and said, "Well, here I am, you see. You want me? I have come. What can I do? Positively anything you ask of me." A smile can sink as deep into one's innermost consciousness as that!

Miss Curtis, who was at this moment quite alone—for

Miss Mavor was now putting on her things—as she gazed on vacantly out into the London street, all its sunset colours now faded, didn't care a jot now *what* he had wanted. The only thing that mattered was that he hadn't wanted her. Not that she bore him any ill-will on that score. Not only would she never see him again; she would never see his like again. On his account she had given up all interest in men absolutely and for ever. Her every faculty was now centred on the practical—on her "career." The only male creature she still had any interest in was a nephew and she was going to leave him all her savings. Besides, look at that flossy little fly-away Phyllis and the dark secretive Miss Mavor and the rest. What a stupid waste, when every hour even of their working day was merely a wait between the acts of some silly love affair. Pictures, a joy-ride, *some* young man always in the offing.

Miss Curtis's affair would never have been a love affair; it would have been a life affair. She knew that, at any rate. She knew perfectly well that if that smiling one at the window had suggested—quite simply even at their first meeting—that he wanted her to spend the rest of her life in his service, she wouldn't have hesitated. She knew that if for some reason best known to himself, he had merely nodded his head at her, to let her know that only her dead body washed up from out of the sea next morning would be of any use to him, in she'd have gone.

That would have been a funny eventuality if you like. But are eventualities that don't occur of the slightest importance? No smile now would ever bring Miss Curtis's sound healthy body to any such pass as that. Old age might, but so far as she knew she was not intolerably terrified at the thought that her Sea might then be a trifle cold. Even the fact that five years ago she was already tending towards the spinsterish hadn't seemed to matter in the least. It made the shock when it came the more amusing to recall. It was almost her last little lesson, so to speak, on the brink.

That thermos flask of tea, for example—and what an indescribable flavour it always had, as if the milk flatly refused to be on good terms with the rest of the mixture—and those raspberry-jam sandwiches! In a moment of weakness she had owned that raspberry jam was her favourite of all jams, and her landlady had remembered it!

No one really young and frivolous and silly and romantic and vain and ineffectual and gullible and untrustworthy would have taken *food* on such an expedition. It was not as though the face at the window would share it. She knew perfectly well that it was for her own sustenance alone—though it had quickly ceased to be. In fact the flavour of raspberry jam even as a memory was slightly indigestible. Miss Curtis was sorry her inside could betray her like that. To sit among the sand-dunes with the long grey-green nodding grasses, the faint winds stirring their tranquil surface under those sunny heavens, and the bright platter of the empty sea—that would only have been pleasanter and pleasanter to remember. But not so the raspberry jam!

And now, in memory, Miss Curtis had come out of the glass and cast-iron shelter to which Chapter XXV had consigned her. Indeed she had sat there only a very few minutes—to quiet down. With a glance at its one other occupant, an old gentleman, of whose countenance nothing was visible except spectacles, since he was muffled up to the eyes in shawls, she had set out once more. It had been her new rule to keep her eyes fixed firmly on the barometer under the flagstaff on the front until she was nearly opposite the balcony, and then to cast only one firm straight intent glance up at the window, before—and this was the most horrible abyss to remember—before sitting down on a neighbouring seat, a few yards further on. Yes, she could be frank with herself even about that now. She had accustomed herself to sit down on that seat *in wait* for him. She had definitely accustomed herself to sit there—though at first it had needed some forcing—solely with the inten-

tion of lying in wait for him; of lying in wait for him—like other women. Her one scrap of redeeming decency being that once she was seated she never by a fraction of an inch turned her head. Indeed sitting there—horribly stiff and hot and self-conscious—she *might* be out of sight of him—unless of course he changed his position at the window to look. And wasn't that perhaps the least one could expect—when at any rate one had oneself sunk so low? It was on this afternoon however she was to learn that it is actually possible in this world to sink as low as that, and nobody, no human being anyhow, be a penny the wiser and yourself to remain only—well what? Indescribably poorer? Just because you have been humbled to the dust? Because you've been taught your lesson? Had there been *need* to learn *that?* And supposing it had not been a lesson—a holiday task?

A slow smile had stolen into Miss Curtis's face—not sour but extraordinarily resolute, even a little grim. But never mind all that. It was the *last* afternoon of her degradation she was now thinking of. Questions were useless now.

She had found him there at his window just as usual, just as immobile, and almost excruciatingly alone, as if simply stricken with solitude. Smiling, oh yes; but—she hadn't any doubt of it now—*un*happy. It was absurd to deny it any longer. He was alone, he was desperate, he needed help. At this it seemed that an emotion of infinite understanding, of selfless abandonment, had swamped over her. She didn't even smile back this afternoon. She only looked. But with all her self—mind, heart and soul and all these thirty years of long waiting—welling over in her eyes. It was no good mincing matters. She had felt like that: just swamped—like some clumsily-handled Sunday tripper's rowing-boat that has landed wrong side on on the beach with a smart sea running. Every drop of blood in her body seemed at that moment to have come to a stand-

still. Then the gulp, the clutch at her bag; and she had sat down.

She had sat down, her back to the high pleasant house behind her and a few paces to her left, with its late Georgian greenish balconies. And there she had simply waited on and on and on. She had to now; there was no help for it; tomorrow—or the next day—she must be going back. She couldn't blue all her savings—not to the very last stiver. Why then he must realize it; his very intelligence would reveal it if only she gave him time. She would wait, and he would declare himself. To ignore her now! With a face like that, a smile so unmotived, so wistful! Perfidy like *that* was not possible even in this perfidious world. The bottom of things didn't come out quite like that.

So she had sat on and on, only once stepping on, say fifty yards or so, very very slowly, her eyes on the sea, and then returning—without so much as an eyelash lifted towards the window. And as she sat down there the second time—her heart grown a little cold, her mind miserable with wrangling voices, there had presented itself in the skies opposite to her the most astonishing sunset she had ever seen.

It appeared as if the clouds must have been waiting in the wings all day for this last huge transformation scene. They were journeying, rank on rank, each to its appointed place, not only drenching heaven and earth with an enormous pomp of colour, but widening, shallowing, patterning the whole western horizon and even the zenith arched over her simple head. It was an amazingly joyful spectacle. One could hardly believe that again and again and again throughout the centuries of the earth's solitary and peopled existence just such vast preparations as these must often have been made before—as if for the entry of some all-powerful and all merciful potentate. Yet one who never actually appeared. And it didn't occur to Miss Curtis that, strictly speaking, the immense scene she was contemplating was hers alone; that every instant it was beginning a little

further westward to some other spectator; indeed—sobering thought—that sunset was *always* going on for someone; and daybreak too, for that matter.

For herself that evening the two extremes seemed to have combined into one. And then, night. During those last brief minutes she had realized as she watched what it is to be in the presence of a life of infinite possibilities, crammed, brimmed with joys and anguish and responsibilities and delights that no foresight could apprehend. She was to realize too at the end of those few minutes what it is—so far as she was concerned—to see it instantaneously fade away and die, while still these lovely apparitions of the heavens burned on, in their turn too to fade away. For this life of which she had caught this marvellous glimpse had itself never even been a possibility—merely an illusion. Worse, a delusion.

Miss Curtis was not smiling now as she stood looking out into the street. Her face had never worn an expression so assured and resolute and indomitable. What a solace is a career, what a never-wearisome refuge plenty to do! How wise, how sagacious to retire and just look on. At least so it seemed *now*.

At Newhampton that evening an awful moment had intervened, a moment almost appallingly ridiculous to recall. For you can't actually remember racking pain of mind and spirit any more than you can remember bodily agony. Voices had sounded out behind her as she sat with her little bag clutched in her tailor-made lap, her whole person positively blazing with the preternatural dyes of the west. And one of those voices she was to remember—it had sounded familiar too, though she had never heard it before—to her dying day. It was the voice of the Destroyer.

The esplanade at this moment had been all but deserted—empty. Two men—and as if a tocsin had proclaimed him she *knew* who one of them was—two men had come straight across from the house behind her, had passed the seat on her

left about twenty yards away, and then had turned right, and now were but a pace or two distant. She positively saw all this, as if she had eyes between her shoulder blades. And she had sat on, motionless, half-suffocated with suspense, unable for the instant to stir hand or foot.

Then, with that vast western light for help, she had looked up—straight into the unknown one's face, straight into his eyes. And though they were fixed in her direction they had made no sign. None—just none. How could they? For though they were wide open they were veiled by a peculiar film, and even if the unknown one's hand had not been resting on his companion's arm, she would have realized at once that he was blind—just gravel blind.

It was curious, perhaps, that being so he could be capable —as that curiously vague gentle smile seemed to testify—of enjoying the spectacle of light and colour and refulgence, of sea, air, and sky.

But Miss Curtis had never thought it curious. She had first heard only the voice without catching the words, and then had gulped down the heart that had come into her mouth, and had so clumsily clutched at the wrong end of her bag that her thermos flask had slipped out of it, had rolled with extraordinary animation out of her lap and fallen with an incredible crash on to the asphalt beneath.

"What's that, what's that?" the voice had cried out, and a panic-stricken expression had transfigured the mute pale face.

"It's all right," the other had replied. "It's only a lady who has dropped something." And then as if in confidence: "As a matter of fact a bottle of tea, poor thing."

The last words had been scarcely more than muttered. But in moments of extreme torture the senses may be exceedingly acute and the whole soul observant. They had remained fixed in Miss Curtis's mind as finally as if they had been recorded in wax for the gramophone. But since something that seemed very much like her whole life, her whole being,

her very heart itself had at this moment been shattered into bits, it wasn't till some little time after, when the deeper wounds were numbing, that she felt the full destructiveness of that "poor thing." To see ourselves as others see us and not through the distortions of self-deception, rapture, and romance—"Poor thing"! In the very words with which she herself had sometimes compassionated in silence some blowzy bedraggled tripper—or worse. "And so—*ad infinitum.*" *That,* anyhow, only amused her now.

And that had been the end of it. Miss Curtis had stooped—the blood rushing to her head and staining her vision as she did so—and had picked up her broken flask. It looked a little disgusting but she had stuffed it back into her bag with her raspberry-jam sandwiches and her bun. Then she had swept her hands down over her lap almost as if she had finished a most delicious tea and wanted to get rid of the crumbs. And then she had got up and gone off on her picnic to the sand-dunes. And then. . . .

But now Miss Mavor, having finished her last few little jobs—and all lip-sticked and freshly powdered for the evening—was ready to go. Miss Curtis herself pulled down the last dark-blue blind, the blind that covered the glass of the door. And she herself turned the handle and opened that door.

"Good night, Miss Curtis," said Miss Mavor.

"Good night," said Miss Curtis; then turned back into the vacant and half-lighted shop to get her own neat hand-bag and admirable umbrella, and to put on her hat and coat.

POETRY

NOON IN BARBOUR COUNTY

HEAT has baked the sky pure blue,
And the earth a copper hue;

Silent piles of white clouds blow
To the Gulf of Mexico;

And black buzzards slowly fly
Down the vast deserted sky.

With the fiery thirst of June
Burns the furnace of the noon;

And the day is bitter-sweet
To the creatures of the heat.

Hidden in the dim green brake
Coils the yellow rattlesnake;

And the black bass in the cool
Feels the sunlight in his pool.

Brilliant creatures flit and turn,
Praising all the suns that burn,

Crying where the cane brakes lean
That the earth is sweet and green;

Passing like a bit of flame,
Calling God a splendid name,

Singing that he dreamed and spun
All the wonders of the sun.

LAWRENCE LEE

EARTHWARD

HERE in the stern dark house
Of loam, the trees stretch boughs
Of roots that hunger downward, roots that keep
A pact with silence, a covenant with sleep.

Under the leaf mould, under
The intricate small wonder
Of fern and blossom, the roots go down to take
Drink from the caught rain for that evening's sake
Which craves tossed boughs on a lemon-colored sky,
Having a need of boughs to reckon by
The depth of darkness presaging the end
Of a day that goes more as a lover than a friend.

FRANCES M. FROST

HILLSIDE TREES

BLACK trees against a marble hill
Of January snow declare
New England to whoever will
Behold them darkly standing there.

Unveiled of leaves, bereft of sun
Save now and then a grudging dole,
They stand like berserks every one,
Denied the berserks' wassail-bowl.

On days less friendly to the dark,
Chastened, they climb the little rise,
And lift slim hands in prayer to mark
Their kinship with ascetic skies—

A kinship whose serene repose
On mornings after snow has blown
Dwells deepest on the branch that throws
Blue shadows over walls of stone.

WILBERT SNOW

THE END OF ENVER PASHA

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE relations between revolutionary Russia and revolutionary Turkey were conditioned by a personal rivalry between two of the Turkish leaders. The Bolsheviks adopted an extremely helpful and cordial attitude toward Kemal Pasha, and Kemal Pasha displayed an active sympathy for the Soviet government. But the situation was complicated by the romantic figure of Enver Pasha.

Enver and Kemal nursed an old hatred for one another.

Enver was the Ludendorff of Turkey. During the World War, in fact, he was the actual ruler of the country, and with Talaat Pasha and Djemal Pasha constituted an unquestioned, dictatorial triumvirate. His name was a power to conjure with from Berlin to Bagdad, and his reputation as a vigorous, imaginative leader of men had spread even to the borders of India. Kaiser Wilhelm knew his influence. The Sultan-Caliph did his bidding.

In this period, Mustapha Kemal was merely an army commander. But he was a stormy petrel. He had quarreled with Enver Pasha during the War of Tripoli and again during the Balkan Wars. In the course of the World War, after Kemal had repulsed the British on the bloodiest sector of the Gallipoli front, a sharp disagreement arose between him and Enver on the subject of army organization, and Kemal, whose military genius could not be spared, was sent to the Mesopotamian-Palestinian front "in disgrace." There he came into conflict with the German General von Falkenhayn and, much to Enver's chagrin, resigned from the army. But Liman von Sanders, Falkenhayn's successor, persuaded

Mustapha Kemal to return. And when the Sultan's forces were crushed by General Allenby, Kemal received a commission from von Sanders to hold Adana and reorganize the Turkish army. Here he made the first steps towards his future position as Turkey's national hero.

A week before the armistice between Turkey and the Western Entente, Kemal appeared in Constantinople and soon received the important appointment of Inspector-General of Anatolia.

While Kemal was rising to power, Enver was falling into disgrace. His armies had met miserable defeat in the Caucasus; his policies, it was claimed, had caused the collapse of his country. In 1919, he was condemned to death.

He escaped and tried to reach Odessa. But a storm arose on the Black Sea, broke the mast of his little sailing vessel, and obliged him to return to Turkey. Bent on reaching Russia, however, he made his way to Germany where he secretly boarded his own airplane in an effort to fly to Moscow. The machine crashed. He spent some time in a prison in Kovno, and a few weeks in another in Riga. Finally, in 1920, he reached Moscow.

Enver had been preceded to the Soviet capital by Djemal Pasha, his colleague in the famous triumvirate, by Halil Pasha, and by Semi Bey. What were these prominent Turks seeking in Russia? At the Baku Congress of Eastern Peoples a declaration was read from Enver Pasha in which he protested that he "hated and cursed German imperialism and the German imperialists as much as he did British imperialism and the British imperialists." He was a friend of the Soviet republic, and of the Soviet idea, he said; he favored the revolution and would fight in the interests of oppressed peoples.

But the Congress did not believe Enver, nor did the Bolsheviks. Djemal had been easier to handle. Djemal entertained no immediate anti-Kemalist ambitions. The British were fighting the Communists. A state of active hos-

tility existed between Russia and England. Afghanistan at the time was engaged in a struggle for independence with England. Moscow, accordingly, directed Djemal Pasha's attention towards Kabul.

At Kabul, Djemal immediately won high regard, and exercised considerable influence over Amanullah Khan. The constitution of Afghanistan was largely his work. He likewise assisted in the organization of the Afghan army.

Enver had wilder flights of fancy than Djemal. His imagination swept all of Asia. His ambitions were boundless. . . . In Moscow he always wore an unusually high black tarboosh to detract attention from his low stature. And he continually boasted that his wife was an intimate relative of the Sultan.

The Bolsheviks knew Enver's talents as a military and political leader. They knew also that he was an adventurer. But Lombroso taught that of two men born with an instinct for fire, one may become an incendiary and the other a celebrated fire patrol chief. There could be adventurers and adventurers. Enver was violently anti-British. England had destroyed the Turkish Empire and annexed part of Turkey's Arabian domains. England was largely responsible for the defeat of Turkish arms in the World War. England, moreover, wished to drive "the unspeakable Turk" out of Europe.

The Bolsheviks first attempted to reconcile Enver and Kemal. The attempt failed. Then they thought they could use Enver as they had used Djemal. Enver, speculating on the old Russian hatred for Great Britain and on the possibilities of the new hostility between Red Moscow and Imperial London, came to the Soviet capital in the expectation of receiving sympathy and support. An excellent partnership might have sprung up if Enver's dreams had fitted into Bolshevik plans. But the only field for Enver's activities was Afghanistan—far too narrow for a man of his nature.

Enver's mind's-eye swept empires. He dreamt of re-

establishing the kingdom of Tamerlane. He saw himself the ruler of a realm embracing Chinese Turkestan, Russian Turkestan, Kazakstan, and Afghanistan. Then, like Alexander the Great, he would march through the Khyber Pass into India and strike a mortal blow at the British Empire. He would be the Napoleon of Asia.

He hid these ambitions deep in his heart. For while they were anti-British they also involved Soviet territory. Enver felt, furthermore, that the success of his Pan-Turanian Empire depended on his conquest, first, of the center of the Turanian world—Turkey. He must overthrow Kemal Pasha.

But while Enver chafed under months of idleness in Moscow, the Russians were cementing their relations with Kemal. In the beginning, Enver Pasha tried to act as an intermediary in the Russo-Turkish *pourparlers* and to put himself in the position of the real representative of Turkey. "Mustapha Kemal," he would say, "is weak. He is known neither at home nor abroad. I, on the other hand, have a reputation throughout Turkey and Europe. Every child in the Moslem world knows the name of Enver Pasha."

The Bolsheviks did not listen to him, probably because they did not trust him completely. They were thorough Kemalists. Moscow and Angora drew closer and closer together, and when the Soviet-Anatolian treaty of March 16, 1921, was signed, Enver felt that his chances of supplanting Kemal with Bolshevik assistance were gone.

Early in the summer of 1921, he announced, therefore, that he wished to go to the Caucasus. Enver lived in Russia as the guest of the Soviet government; it could not deny him freedom of movement. He was accordingly given a salon car in which to travel south. Before he went, however, he gave Chicherin a personal undertaking that he would not get into touch with his friends in Turkey, nor work against Kemal.

Enver's supporters had come across the Turkish border

to meet him in Batum. He was still influential in the Turkish army, in church quarters—for Kemal was an avowed opponent of Pan-Islamism and of the Sultan-Caliph—and with the upper classes. A full-fledged Enverist congress now took place in Batum which, the Russians learned, planned a *coup d'état* against the Kemal regime. Kemal protested to the Bolsheviks, and when, shortly after the meeting, Enver tried to make his way into Turkey, the Soviet authorities detained him by force.

Enver was violently angry and swore revenge, but maintained outwardly friendly relations with the Russians. He said, however, that he would not return immediately to Moscow but go instead to Transcaspia to meet Djemal Pasha who was on his way back from Kabul. He also wanted to hunt in Bokhara—for what he did not say. In the city of Bokhara he still appeared officially to Soviet representatives, and then suddenly he vanished.

Before long, he assumed the leadership of the Basmachi who were in revolt against Bolshevik rule in Bokhara. A Young Bokharan party, very much akin to the Young Turks and the Young Afghans, had sprung up before the World War. In 1910, and again in 1913, Young Bokharan insurrections took place against the local emir who was the Czar's representative in Central Asia. Considerable anti-Russian sentiment actuated the Young Bokharans. When the World War broke out, for instance, they burned a big bull in the streets of Samarkand as a symbol of what they hoped would happen to Czarism in consequence of the conflict, and when Kerensky assumed power, a delegation of rich Bokharan merchants petitioned him to abolish the emirate. Miliukov objected to such a move. The result was a growth of sympathy for the Bolsheviks among the Young Bokharans.

Throughout the early phase of the Communist revolution, Moscow had no contact with Bokhara. But the expulsion of British interventionist troops and the defeat of

the Whites in Siberia and Turkestan encouraged the Young Bokharans to continue their struggle against the unpopular emir, and in September, 1920, a three-day revolution flared up which forced him and his female and boy harems to flee to Afghanistan. He since has traded in karakul fleeces in Kabul.

This upheaval left the feudal khans and the pro-emir party dissatisfied. They could prey on many of the peasants who had suffered economic distress throughout the Civil War from lack of contact with Russia, on which Bokhara depends for bread and to which it sells its cotton. The peasants likewise resented the anti-religious ardor of the Bolsheviks. In general, the movement that developed may be regarded as an organized protest against the new order.

Enver Pasha now put himself at the head of these insurgents or Basmachi and opened his war against the Bolsheviks. He tried to infect the Basmachi with his Pan-Turanian ideology, and sent emissaries to Kabul where his cause won the sympathy of those court circles which would not have been averse to the annexation of Bokhara by Afghanistan. Enver mobilized an army and concentrated his great talents on the fulfillment of a life's ambition. It is said he took funds and arms from the British. But one is inclined to doubt the truth of the charge although the Basmachi were certainly equipped with English rifles and munitions previously obtained from agents operating in Turkestan. Enver likewise enjoyed the assistance of the Afghan minister in Bokhara and of one thousand Afghan volunteers.

Enver spent almost a year in Bokhara. His movement, however, gathered little momentum. The re-establishment of geographical connections with Central Russia promised to remove the chief grievances of the Basmachi, and Pan-Turanianism struck no root.

Enver was a general of the German school and a master

of modern military tactics. But in the mountains of East Bokhara his strategy almost invariably improved the position of the Red forces sent to destroy him.

On the night of June 14, 1922, he attacked in the region of Derbent where Alexander and the Romans had marched centuries before. General Kakurin, who commanded the Bolshevik force, estimates that Enver had no more than three thousand men and little cannon, whereas the Soviet division was eight thousand strong and enjoyed the advantages of superior artillery and trained cavalry. Enver suffered defeat.

Kakurin now pressed Enver's shattered band deep into the mountains, and before long, the Turkish leader had turned south towards the Afghan border. Here the Red Army operated in small patrols which combed the intricate defiles for rebellious Basmachi.

One such patrol of approximately one hundred horsemen entered a narrow pass on August 4, 1922, and saw in front of it a large group of Bokharans seated on the ground in a circle. When the Bokharans spied the Red unit they immediately gave battle and repulsed the assailants. But one gunner, assisted by two comrades, carried a single piece of light field artillery to the top of a low hill where he was able to hold the Basmachi at bay. Meanwhile, another Red Army patrol, attracted by the booming mountain echoes of the firing, galloped to the scene, and a struggle ensued which resembled the combats of King Richard the Lion-Hearted and his mediaeval knights. The warriors hacked one another to pieces with scimitar and sabre, and wrestled for their lives on the rocky ground. Finally, the remnant of the Basmachi retreated leaving their dead on the field of battle.

When the Red soldiers examined the corpses, they found that all the Basmachi khans were dressed in long richly colored Bokharan robes and typical Central Asiatic headgear. But one had worn high military boots, breeches, and

a tightly-buttoned blue jacket. On his finger was a valuable signet ring. They examined his papers. There were three letters from Berlin written in a woman's hand, a notebook, and scraps of paper on which orders had been scribbled in Turkish. The dead man was Enver Pasha.

His possessions were taken to Tashkent, photographed, and deposited in the military museum. The body found burial in the distant mountain pass in a grave that is unmarked and now unknown. The assertion that his head was cut off and carried through the streets of Samarkand is untrue as are numerous other unauthoritative versions of the last episode of his romantic career.

According to information subsequently obtained, the conference in the defile which the Soviet patrol had discovered was a meeting of the most important Basmachi khans and sheiks. Enver had decided to give up the struggle and retire to Afghanistan—but not forever. It was his farewell discussion with the fighting chiefs to whom he proposed to transfer the command; it took place near Baldjhan—only eighty kilometers from the Afghan frontier.

BEEFSTEAK WHEN I'M HUNGRY

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

PROPERLY speaking, there is probably no such phenomenon as a mountain dialect. The language is one of interesting and significant survivals, and it is probably the most sparklingly fascinating segment of current American speech. For mountain speech has pristine word qualities and a natural aesthetic instinct for sound and oral value; it has flux, freeness to vary and invert, a feeling of freshness and of stylistic distinction. It is a forceful speech; it can clothe the most extraordinary incident with matter-of-fact colors of reality and it can give to casual bits of everyday the most delicate shadings of romance. Mountain speech is interesting from a standpoint of pure linguistics but it is more interesting for its magnificent vital testimony.

A mountain man's life is one of vague wondering and leisurely understanding, and speech is but a turn in his path of living.

> Beefsteak when I'm hungry,
> Corn likker when I'm dry,
> Pretty little gal when I'm lonesome—
> Sweet heaven when I die—
> Sweet heaven when I die.

This high spot from a droning ditty called "Sourwood Mountain" seems to me a first rough outline of backwoods philosophy, a creed of storm and sunshine, growth and rest, the progress of the seasons, changing of the skies, the coming of nights and consequent dawns, the old established phenomena of sun, rain, and earth. His basic hypotheses are bounded by apples and butternuts and firewood, a barrel

of kraut, a cellar of potatoes, a smoke-house filled with pork joints and bacon, a treasury of chewing tobacco and store-clothes for the winter.

Conventional ambition lies dormant in his nature and there is nothing in his immediate environment to arouse it. The world beyond his valley must remain an infinity of vague and uncertain rumor. He has religion to be sure, a primitive religion, intense of feeling, tenacious of dogma, but exerting little, if any, influence upon his course of behavior. He is a child of stars and open destinies and of mothering earth.

A hill man's speech is surprisingly effective; his characterization is quick and vivid; his narrative is admirable for its homeliness and his sayings usually go to their mark with epigrammatic force. A patriarch of a sun-filtered hollow was accounting for his married life—and the lastingness of his home:

"Well, an infare wedding was the reel beginning. Sally's folks gin us a big supper atter the weddin'. Ever'body on the creek was thar, that is, the young folks, you onderstand. They'd cooked up 'most ever'thing—deer meat, fried ham, sausage, turkey and chickens and all sorts of gyarden stuff and pies and cakes.

"And when they'd et, they commenced to frolic. We set by the fire whilst they run a set or two, then Sally leaned over to me and says, 'Abe, why can't we run a set, too?'

"I says, 'We can, by ginger!' So we run a set. Then all the fellars wanted to swing Sally, so we dance a Virginny reel. Well, we slept thar that night and next day we went over to my folks and they gin us another supper and frolic. And next day atter that we come up here where I'd raised this house."

His cabin is one of the old backwoods sort; two log-built rooms and a boarded-up lean-to. The roof-line is a trifle catawampus; the rough stone chimney tilts a bit onsteady-like and the walls are weather-warped and powdery gray.

Wild ferns grow at its shaded end, grass and buck bushes and tea roses vie for space in the rough-faced lawn. A pathway leads into an uncertain lane of snow-balls and flowering quince and coral berries. The ancient cedar behind tells of slow centuries of shade. Shattered sunlight falls upon the low porch front and enriches its garnishment of red burney pepper and drying ears of seed corn.

"It aint much to look at, but it's been home fer a mighty long time. They's not much in it but I reckon they's enough. Like I was sayin' to her, 'Yonder's a right smart chance of corn and a heap of fruit stuff and the shoats will be big enough to kill fer meat after the mast is gone.' "

His philosophy of immaculate assurance is readily comparable to the provincial confidence of Piers the Plowman:

I have no pennies pullets for to buy
Neither geese nor pigs; but two green cheeses,
A few curds and cream, and a haver cake
And two loaves of beans and bran for my infants
And yet to say, by my Soul, I have no salt bacon
Nor no cockney, by Christ, collops for to make
But I have parsley and leeks and many kole plants
And eke a cow and a calf and a cart mare
To draw afield my dung the while the drought lasteth
And by this livelihood we must live till Lammas time—
And by that I hope to have harvest in my croft
And then may I dight thy dinner as me well liketh.

Mountain speech, even from a casual and convenient estimate, can scarcely fail to demonstrate its wealth of lingual survivals. It carries quaint turns of Elizabethan grace: "How be you gettin' on?" "Mainly pert and joyous, I thank you." "Would you deem to sample my leaf?" (try my tobacco).

If backwoods language is basically a speech of illiteracy, it is not necessarily one of simplicity or of prevailing monosyllables. Indeed mountain speech carries a surprising portioning of unexpectedly big words—round, mouth filling, cavalier words such as grabble, denote, dilatory, cavil,

caterwaul, discern, cuckold, mooncalf and marvel; all are common of their sort, and some of them pre-date the battle of Hastings and touch back into the Mercian and Roman days of England.

Hit, the Anglo-Saxon of he, is used with the strangest inconsistency. In fact, hit and it may follow one another in the same sentence or even in an identical clause, as the delicacies of a primitive euphony may require.

Such forms as afore, ax for ask, and kag for keg, go back to the times of Layamon; dauncy, unsteady about one's victuals, dates back four hundred years to the days of Townley; such usages as usen for used, peart up, done it, aver, afore, atwixt, I dare ye, and afeard appear to pre-date "The Canterbury Tales." Fray still carries its original meaning of a deadly combat; fracture means rupture as it does in "Troilus and Cressida," and there are even more picturesque survivals, such as "feathered into 'em," a phrase which touches back into the romantic days of long bows and feathered arrows.

Missus, a married woman, survives the yeoman's mistress; a sorry fellow continues in common usage for "good-for-nothing" but the term has no etymological connection with sorrow—it is a survival of *sorey*, meaning scurvy. A hand mill is still a quern in some parts of the Southern highlands, as it was even in Mercian days. Bread made from milky grain continues to be called gritted bread. A turn of meal is what one gets after a considerable spell of waiting his turn about a country mill, and the toddick, a grinding toll, survives the toll dish of feudal days. Although backwoods speech is intrinsically and stubbornly English, it sometime carries a quaint smattering of romance terms. In the Great Smokies of North Carolina, for example, one may hear doney or doney girl, a current colloquialism for sweetheart. The origin appears to have been a maritime passover. English sailors may have learned about *doñas* in Spanish ports. At any rate the term, reduced to doney,

had become common nomenclature in His Majesty's Navy during the days of George III and in the retentive hills of Carolina the usage has lived on.

So common a backwoodsism as "tetchous" directs one back to Richard the Third and his mother's testimony that "tetcheous and wayward was thy infancy." Gower tells of "a sighte of flowers," a "hankercher," and a "soon start." "A Midsummer Night's Dream" abounds with the pert and nimble spirits of youth. Like Piers, an up-country Arkansawyer carries a budget on his back and tarries now and then to spend an opinion, as Othello did. He may own a scope of land and prank with the young'uns while the crops go to naught.

The Southern backwoodsman employs the Old English prefix stark: stark wild, stark worthless, stark foolery; and the Middle English suffix like: such like, family like, pert like. He uses the Shakespearean near't, afeard, and writ. He would likely straddle or back a horse rather than mount a horse.

Usages of our contemporary ancestors of the Southern mountains have illustrious precedents. Milton told of meadows trimmed with daisies pied. Hamlet owned an antic disposition, as does the Low Gap village cut-up. Chaucer and Spenser used sleight meaning skill. Piers talks of a heap of people; Hakluyt uses allow for assume; Spenser used mought for might, swinge for singe, and he rhymes 'yet' with wit. The Elizabethans called a salad a sallet and a bag a poke as do many of the Southern highlanders. Sech, sence, again, Scriptur, ventur, nater, yit and yander all held the vantage of good usage in Spenser's day. Lovelace, the immaculate one, used holp for helped, drug for dragged, fotch for fetch and wropt for wrapped. Sydney said fur and furder.

There is a sad story about a Kentucky mountaineer who blundered upon one of John Fox's stories about Kentucky mountaineers and was duly perplexed at the dialect. And

finally he gave the ultimatum: "Why, that feller don't know how to spell." Personally I believe that Fox's reproduction of the Southern mountaineer's language is far more accurate than that of a majority of the writers who have striven with the so-called dialect. But there can be no denying that many word-builders have employed mere misspelled jargon as a perverted substitute for an acquaintance with the people about whom they would write.

But any representation of backwoods language must necessarily be difficult and it can scarcely be uniformly accurate. In the first place there are the variations and contrasts in citizenry and locale. The Southern highlands are a land area considerably greater than New York and New England combined and support a population of more than seven million, and language is a plastic stuff which must shape itself to the requirements and whims of changing ages and sundry places.

Speech does not vary according to state lines or specific boundaries, but, for the purpose of identifying ages and stages of speech development, the Southern highlands might be divided into the Ozarks of Arkansas, southern Missouri, and southeastern Oklahoma, a range of low inland hills, separate from the great body of the Alleghanies, and abounding in pioneer ways and isolated graces; the Cumberlands of Tennessee and Kentucky; the Great Smokies of the Carolinas; and the Blue Ridge ranges of Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. In addition to these there are outlying and lesser ranges in a majority of the Southern states wherein lingual stages are determined essentially by their degrees of isolation, which in turn are apparently established by the scantiness of natural resources, the presence of rough terrain, thin soil, and poor roads.

The average backwoodsman is governed in word choice by a keen estimate of place and company and propriety, to an extent that makes accurate recording and reproduction

very difficult. The same speaker, on different occasions, may say hit and it; saw, seen, or seed; fotch or bring; aint, haint, or isn't; such or sich; set or sot. He may lug, tote, shoulder, heft, or carry a parcel; he may fling a rock or throw a stone.

A hill man is seldom at loss for a word. When he comes to a verbal tight place there will come spang out for the emergency a coinage of his own; a new word from combination, a noun changed to a verb or a verb made out of an adjective or an adverb. Adjectives arise from verbs, a set-along child; the workin'est, travellin'est, or preachin'est man. Or verbs may serve as adjectives or adverbs—'If I'd a been thoughted enough I'd a brung along them onion sets'; or an adverb as an adjective—'I hope the folks over your way is all gayly.' There are verbs improvised from nouns and nouns built from verbs; 'he is shorely muchin' it' (making much of it); 'he fell down and nastied hisself'; 'don't contrary her'; 'it don't make no differ'; 'one more gettin' of fodder.' There are frequent substantives such as old braggy and little hatefuls. Many of the verbs are but nouns of action—'Henry can't faculty the workin' of them town telephones'; 'Washington Dodd can muscle his little brother'; Colonel Bullteeters couldn't confidence no Republican'; 'Dickie Dye can't sweetheart nobody who aint a proper Primitive Baptist.'

Strong preterites survive in Parnassian vigor: drunk, begun, rung, shrunk, stunk, stung or stang, and fotch. There are sundry preterites with dialect changes: drapped, war for was or were, bruk for broke, saunt for sent, rok or ruck for raked, het for heated, ort for ought, shuck for shook, and whupped. And there are old forms like holped, mought, and cotched.

There are idioms, too, quaint and variable: for why, aint much come, think me of it, lay off, have in your head, light a rag, went pattin' off, come in and set, spraddle out, and the like; words to fit a diction quick and vivid. There are

all the folkish devices for intensity, don't never, shan't ever, negatives doubled and tripled:—'Ben Hembree never done nothin' nohow.' And there are conversation incidentals, such as; I tell you, I'm put here to tell you, thinks I, I says to him and he says to me.

Backwoods speech abounds in pleonasms; I done done it; surely and undoubtedly; in this age and time; a big large fleshy lady; little bitty, often usually, and the like. And there are the double-barreled pronouns, common but not invariable, picturesque but vastly overplayed by a majority of the reproducers of the mountain language; we-all, you-all, and they-all, and the Tennesseean usage, we'uns and you'uns. An habitual user of these superfluities myself, I am convinced that primarily at least the purpose of the usage is to bestow an emphatically inclusive plural. This rule applies to 'you-all' as well. Writers of hill speech who persistently place 'you-all' with a singular reference must either be ignorant of backwoods connotations or else be too much determined by merely casual and illiterate blunders. 'You'uns' is especially interesting linguistically because of its correlatives in the romance languages; French, *nous autres;* Italian, *noi altri,* and Spanish, *nosotros.*

This speech of the mountains is sometimes surprisingly accurate from the standpoint of pronunciation. The Southern mountaineer is probably the only member of the American race who can consistently be depended upon to say 'dew' and not 'doo,' 'new' instead of 'noo,' 'creek' with its correct vowel quality. A glimpse into the Oxford Dictionary will show, too, that 'et' is an accepted pronunciation for 'ate.' The backwoodsman's 'afeard' is fully as good English as afraid is—etymologically speaking. 'Afeard' is a regularly formed participle of the intransitive verb 'affear.' 'Narry' is 'ne'er a' correctly spoken. The omission of the r as a lingual trait seems to be more lowland than highland. Yet the hill man may say co'te for court, hoss for horse, nuss for nurse, fust for first, dast for dare, and pusson for

person. On the other hand, new insertions may spring unexpectedly upon him, and all the breath saved by omitted r's will be squandered on a surprising sprinkling of grace syllables and letters such as gyarden, warsh, and musicianer. Or he may make unlooked for internal vowel alterations like hed for had, raffle for rifle, chist, sarve, upsot, and turrible; or consonant changes like seben for seven, nabel for navel, ballet for ballad, brickle for brittle, atter for after, and tejus for tedious. Sometimes, as with 'ballet,' the form may be a very old one.

And there are the analogous compounds (existent to be sure, but usually overplayed by fiction writers): biscuit bread, ham meat, rock clift, cow-brute, man-person, women-folks, preacher-man, neighbor people, and rifle-gun. These may be employed primarily to clinch a particular reference which might otherwise be ambiguous. 'Rifle-gun,' for example, isolates the rifle from shot guns, muskets, and other prevalent firearms. Certainly the use of analogous compounds is not invariable and it is more old-folk talk than it is the diction of youth.

Maristan Chapman, author of "The Happy Mountain," makes this very interesting comment:

"A sense of onomatopoeia gives the mountain speech such words as *whiffle* for a slight breeze; *trinkling* for the sound of water running over pebbles; also such turns as 'Yon's a bird flicketing in the laurel scrub'; 'I stepped on a beetle to hear him squot,' and 'He fair glirred down the slope'; *glirred* meaning 'slipped and slid and glided' all at once."

As a general rule, mountain people speak with a most delightful flavor of speculative accuracy. Questioned whether he grew the corn that went into the making of his bread, a sequestered old-timer replied:

"O no, the cawn growed itself. I planted it."

"But you plowed the field, I suppose?"

"Wal no, my mule Tim plowed the field. I plowed Tim. But I'm tellin' you, mister, that was ex-ceptional cawn.

Why down in goose bill holler that cawn gets so onhandy big and shady that you can see the lightnin' bugs in amongst it in the daytime."

A patriarch was asked if that were a gallon jug.

"No, I doubt considerable if that jug would take a plumb full gallon, but hit holds quite a content."

Horace Kephart tells of a little girl who on being asked if the new baby at her house was a boy, answered:

"Yes sir, it was a boy, and I reckon it is yit."

Mountain speech is not congealed into the forms of grammar and text books; it is yet fluent and spontaneous. It is an old speech applied with the picknicking spirit of youth; it is a tool of the mood and the moment. The gentleman of the backwoods may substitute damified for damaged or unthoughtedly for unthinkingly. He may testify that bar is destructious; that the roads are considerable damified by the floods; he may say memorize for remember, disfurnish for inconvenience, and capacitated for capable. It is likely too, that he will say rambunctious for rambustious, slaunchwise for slanting; and that he will term nervousness as the all-over-fidges. He may say luggage for baggage, hampered for hindered, and peckerwood for woodpecker. A cow is likely to be, but not invariably, a cow-brute; while a mule or a horse is a beast of a crittur. He can testify perhaps that he is a plumb fool about turnip greens—that he has had a bait, a snack, or a mere smidgen of them. He may affirm candidly and black-actually that Tola Summerlin's was the best hawg meat he ever et; that the line of his barn roof is hip-skeltered, antegogglin', catawampus or waupajawed; that an outlander must get naturalized to the climate and that young boys will band up for devilment.

In paradoxical contrasts to its strong preterites, backwoods speech shows an urge for establishing regular past tenses for a number of irregular verbs, such as throwed, growed, and knowed; or an irregular form like borned; also for the formation of regular plurals in 'es,' particularly for

monosyllables ending in 'st,' as postes, nestes, beastes, waistes. Occasionally one runs upon distinct Scotticisms, such as gin, ferent, and coggle, and such waning linguistic forms as durgen, a clumsy person; susy, a bachelor who reckons that all the girls must inevitably be in love with him; and jokey, a harmless imbecile.

Backwoods place names are one of the most fascinating resources of the language. They are especially full of color and they are original—not mere imitations or reproductions of old-country town names. I recall a score of them at a casual sitting: Loafer's Glory, Stand Around, None Such, Whuppin' Marthy, Far Ply, Alabam, Monkey Run, Red Star, Aunty's Apron, Ginger Blue, Hell fer Sartain, Bald Knob, War Eagle, Stink Creek, Dove Nest, Shiloah, Fightin' River, Big Sandy, Gizzard District School House, Nubbins, and Hard Times. All of these are actual, and contemporary.

STEPFATHERS OF VICTORIANISM

By LIONEL STEVENSON

THE year 1826-27 marked one of the crucial events in the development of the English novel. In that year two young men, inordinately ambitious for preëminence in the social and political spheres, decided that fiction was to be their key to the adamant portals. They realized that the novel could be made fashionable.

In spite of vast differences in antecedents, the two young men were embarking on amazingly parallel careers. Edward Lytton Bulwer was the descendent of unequivocally English stock, tracing through both parents a pedigree of "county families" back to the Norman conquest or further; whereas Benjamin Disraeli came of a Jewish family which had migrated from Spain to Venice in the Inquisition days and of which the first immigrant to England was his grandfather. Believers in heredity, however, are disgruntled by the fact that from such diverse ancestries came two men whose lives were so alike. The chief difference was in their marital relations. The son of sturdy English patricians married at the age of twenty-four a beautiful Irish girl of the same age, with whom he had fallen in love at first sight, and the sequel was a life-long torture of bitterness and recrimination, displayed without reserve to the eyes of a censorious public. The son of bizarre Oriental nomads was thirty-five when he married a widow twelve years his senior, whom he had described after their first meeting as "that insufferable woman"; and their devoted fidelity to one another as long as she lived was proverbial.

Bulwer was nineteen months the elder, and first distinguished himself in the traditional undergraduate activities

at Cambridge, while Disraeli after quitting private school at fifteen had devoted himself to solitary reading; but by 1825, when they had both reached their majority, they were already equally famous for personal beauty, witty conversation, exquisite dandyism in dress, and literary promise. As disciples of Byron, they had both begun with publishing poetry; then simultaneously, it would appear, and independently, they flung themselves on the diffident muse of fiction.

At the moment, the novel was in dire need of novelty. The impetus of historical romance was moribund, and the refined feminine novel was reduced from Miss Austen to Miss Ferrier and Mrs. Gore.

Into this stagnating backwater "Vivian Grey" was hurled with a resounding splash. Disraeli happened to be able to supply just what was most lacking, and his publishers advertised him nobly. They announced the anonymous novel as "extremely satirical," with "portraits of living characters sufficient to constitute a National Gallery"; above all, they described it as "a sort of Don Juan in prose." The horde of Byron-worshippers found in it the approved admixture of cynical epigram, amorous intrigue, and convention-defying assurance; while the other portion of the reading public, which scorns poetry, enjoyed in it the detail and reality which prose alone can provide. The brilliant dialogue was eminently quotable; the vigorous opinions could provoke immediate argument; and the impudent sketches of celebrities clamored to be identified. The highest social circles had the new thrill of seeing themselves depicted in fiction; the rest of the public revelled in the chance of vicariously entering that interdicted territory.

The first section of "Vivian Grey" appeared in April, 1826, and a second half in March, 1827. Simultaneously with the latter came Bulwer's first novel, "Falkland," but it was far less successful in hitting the popular taste. He, too, found his model in Byron, but his was not the Byron of

"Don Juan." The overstrained emotions, misanthropic gloom, and defiance of orthodox morality, unrelieved by wit or common sense, went back to "Manfred" and "Childe Harold"; in many respects, indeed, it derived from a still earlier landmark of the romantic debauch of sentiment, Goethe's "Werther." Morbidity, however, was out of style in 1827; the book was reviled by the prudish, but ignored by the fashionable, and for the moment any comparison of its author's career with Disraeli's would have seemed absurd.

A breakdown in health, however, and a prolonged Childe Harold's pilgrimage in search of a cure, occupied Disraeli during the next three years, leaving Bulwer in undisputed possession of the field. As a result, his second novel, "Pelham," published in May, 1828, inherited the place of "Vivian Grey" in the public eye. Indeed, if we did not know that it had been drafted in 1825, we would suspect that it was definitely modeled on the other successful book. In both, the inner circle of current political and social life is depicted with witty satire and many recognizable caricatures; in both, the hero conceals dogged ambition and unrelenting hard work, with political supremacy as an object, under a mask of dandyism and dilettante charm. Disraeli's book might achieve flashes of more penetrating satire, but Bulwer's had two or three more years of experience behind it, as well as the earnestness which had dominated "Falkland," so it came closer to actual life than Disraeli's persistent flippancy had done.

Bulwer had three more novels to his credit before Disraeli returned to the contest in 1831, but during the decade that followed they ran neck and neck, their novels being interspersed with political and social treatises, poetry, and plays. The very titles of their books were so much alike as to be interchangeable. Few people can say off-hand with certainty which wrote "Kenelm Chillingly" and which "Contarini Fleming," which "The Young Duke" and which

"The Disowned," which "Devereux," "Godolphin," "Coningsby," or "Lothair." The same cachet of aristocratic elegance is on them all.

Toward the end of the decade, Bulwer turned to drama, and was immensely successful with "The Lady of Lyons" in 1838 and "Richelieu" in 1839. In the latter year Disraeli brought out "The Tragedy of Count Alarcos," but its complete failure deterred him from further ambitions for the stage.

By this time both had discovered that to ride two horses at once was not so easy as it had appeared in their confident youth. Literature had been with them frankly but a mounting block to a political career, and it served its purpose. Bulwer was elected a member of parliament in 1831. Disraeli first contested a seat in 1832, but had to wait five years before he gained an election. Once installed in parliament, both showed ability which marked them for rapid advancement, entailing responsibilities that would leave little time for authorship. One career or the other would have to be subordinated, reduced to an avocation. Disraeli, who had declared years before his determination to become Prime Minister, hesitated little in making his choice. His financial straits having been relieved by his marriage, he threw himself violently into the maelstrom of party intrigue, emerged as chancellor of the exchequer in 1852, and in 1868 achieved the higher office that had been for so long his goal. By terrific hard work he succeeded in producing an important trilogy of novels in 1844-47, with the definite purpose of making them a manifesto of his political principles, and thereafter deserted fiction till his old age, when he brought forth "Lothair" and "Endymion."

Bulwer, meanwhile, had taken the other path. Not only was he still financially embarrassed, with his estranged wife's extravagance added to his own, but also he had become convinced of his preëminence in literature. The versatility of his experiments equalled the industry with

which he produced them. Not content with his overwhelming successes in fiction and drama, he aspired to write the great epic of England, and laboriously completed "King Arthur," in the inevitable twelve books; it was almost as bad as Disraeli's even more ambitious "Revolutionary Epic" which was to be an allegory of the whole modern world and which never got beyond the first three cantos, although he always cherished the intention of completing it in thirty thousand lines. Satiric poems, essays, translations, all flowed from Bulwer's pen, and yet in his first vehicle, the novel, he was constantly trying out new effects. A whole new theory of historical fiction, replacing Scott's "picturesque" method with an "intellectual" method designed to reveal the prevailing influences of the era depicted; a refurbishing of the tale of horror with corroborative details drawn from scientific psychology; the application of realistic technique to Utopian imaginings; these are only three of his innovations which established lasting modes in fiction. Compared to such achievements, political leadership no longer seemed the supreme aim. As early as 1835, therefore, he declined Lord Melbourne's office of a minor post in the government, and six years later he retired from parliament with little regret, to devote eleven years of his prime to literature alone. From 1852 to 1866 he was again a member, and in 1858 rose to cabinet rank as secretary for the colonies, with Disraeli as a colleague. He filled his office ably enough, but unfortunately his persecution by his wife was at its most frightful crisis, and the mental strain was so devastating that he was obliged to withdraw. In 1866 a life-long ambition was gratified by his elevation to the peerage as Lord Lytton of Knebworth, and in 1873 he died.

The closing years of the two men were as similar as their débuts had been, save that Disraeli, who became Earl of Beaconsfield in 1876, outlived his friend by eight years. Both were solitary old men, with few affectionate relatives

or intimate friends, tortured by painful disease, wandering between their vast lonely country houses and the West End scenes of their first triumphs. Much honor was paid them, but they were spectres from another age.

The personal relationship between them was always cordial, and reflected credit on both. In spite of the close similarity between their works, there was never a breath of jealousy on either side; indeed, Disraeli remarked of Bulwer, in a letter to Lady Blessington, "he is the only literary man whom I do not abominate and despise." They first met when Bulwer submitted some questions to the recognized compendium of obscure and trivial literary facts, the author of the "Curiosities of Literature." Always generous to inquirers, Isaac Disraeli invited the young author to his country home, Bradenham, where he introduced his son to him. Early in 1829, "Disraeli the Younger" went out of his way to improve the acquaintanceship; having picked up at a sale a copy of Bulwer's first book of poems, he sent it to him, accompanied by what the recipient described to his wife as "a most curious note" which he intended to "keep as a curiosity." He acknowledged it, however, with flattering remarks about "the brilliant, and almost unrivalled promise" of Disraeli's works; and a few months later we find him inviting Disraeli to visit him.

Disraeli submitted the manuscript of his second novel to Bulwer for criticism, which was frankly given and attentively received; and a little later, when Bulwer became editor of the New Monthly Magazine, Disraeli was one of the first whom he asked to contribute, and at the highest rates of payment.

It was not only on the literary side, however, that the advantages of the friendship were at this period entirely in Disraeli's favor. Hereditary claims ensured a place for Bulwer in the most dazzling social and intellectual circles, where the young Jew was admitted only on sufferance for his audacious wit and decorative poses. It was at the salon established by

Bulwer and his young wife in Hertford Street, Mayfair, that he met nearly all the celebrities of the day, and had an opportunity to impress them with his talents. At his first dinner there, before his Mediterranean trip, his fellow-guests were Thomas Moore, Washington Irving, and John Galt; a couple of years later he became a regular frequenter, meeting Lord Strangford, Lord Mulgrave, Count d'Orsay, James Morier, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Norton, Miss Landon, Mrs. Gore, and Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, whom he described as "a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled." She later made him known to her husband, who eventually procured for him his long-sought election to parliament, and shortly afterwards, by dying, provided him with a wife.

By more direct channels, also, Bulwer aided his friend's political progress. When he first contested a seat, at High Wycombe in 1832, Bulwer stumped the constituency for him, and he also obtained letters of commendation from such prominent public men as Daniel O'Connell and Joseph Hume. Five years later, when Disraeli's maiden speech in parliament was a ludicrous failure, Bulwer showed remarkable tact in solacing his humiliation; having overheard some aspects of the speech praised, and the speaker's future eminence prophesied, by R. S. Sheil, an outstanding parliamentarian of the time, he promptly invited Sheil and Disraeli to meet at dinner, and the older man's praise, accompanied by very practical advice, did much to restore Disraeli's self-respect.

Over and above all these definite services, there was the comradeship which arises from natural affinity. Disraeli writes to his sister in the summer of 1832: "On Friday I shall pitch my tent in the green retreats of Bradenham, and Bulwer accompanies me. He wants absolute retirement really to write, and all that. He is to do what he likes, and wander about the woods like a madman. I am anxious that he and my father should become better acquainted. Our

sire never had a warmer votary." Next winter they spent several days together in Bath, ostensibly for change of air and a chance to work, but incidentally to receive the adulation of the city, which, for generations a resort of the dandies, was suitably excited by having two such noted ones at once. A good epitome of their relationship occurs in a letter written by Disraeli about this time to apologize for some outburst of petulance occasioned by a crisis in "certain domestic annoyances." He ended by saying, "my dear E. L. B., our friendship has stood many tests. If I analyse the causes, I would ascribe them in some degree to a warm heart on my side and a generous temper on yours. Then let it never dissolve, for my heart shall never grow cold to you, and be yours always indulgent to your affectionate friend, Dis." Tangible proof of this loyalty appeared in later years, when the balance of importance was shifted, making Disraeli the patron. It was under his influence that Bulwer changed his political allegiance from the Liberal to the Conservative party, it was he who gave help and encouragement during the difficult year in office as Colonial Secretary, and it was through his nomination that Bulwer received his peerage.

Although their later work was, on the whole, more mature and artistically excellent, their chief significance in English literature rests with the fiction of their first ten years of authorship, ending in 1837 with Bulwer's double-novel, "Ernest Maltravers" and "Alice," and Disraeli's "Venetia." Thereafter Bulwer transferred his activity for a few years to playwriting, and Disraeli turned all his energy to politics. When they resumed the practice of fiction, early in the next decade, it was with new purposes and moods. Between 1827 and 1837, however, their pioneering was completed; by the end of that time they had made the novel patrician, sponsored it in every salon of the country, and trained a corps of substitutes eager to carry on their work.

In order to realize their importance, one must perceive how completely at the outset of their careers they repre-

sented the fullest efflorescence of the Romantic Movement, in its most popular manifestation. They exhibited an obvious descent through Byron from Goethe's "Werther" and Rousseau's "Emile." In this aspect, Romanticism was primarily the art of self-exploitation, the individualism which expresses itself in sensual indulgence and ostentatious eccentricity. As such, it was not confined to the arts, but found its exponents also in social life, led by George, the Prince Regent, "first gentleman of Europe," and sustained by the mob of "Corinthians" with Beau Brummell as their chief. On this model Disraeli and Bulwer formed themselves, calling attention to their physical beauty by gorgeous dress and studied poses, dominating conversation with cynical epigrams, hinting at their sophistication in affairs of the heart.

Although allowing to the drawing-rooms of Belgravia only a fraction of their time, they were runners-up for the leadership of the beaux, defeated only by Count d'Orsay, who gave his whole attention to it. A typical picture of Bulwer is to be found in his wife's autobiography, when she describes their first meeting. "He was resplendent with French polish—as far as boots went. His cobweb cambric shirt-front was a triumph of lace and embroidery, a combination never seen in this country till six or seven years later (except on babies' frocks); studs, too, were then *non est,* but a perfect galaxy glittered down the center of this fairy-like *lingerie.* His hair, which was really golden and abundant, he wore literally in long ringlets that almost reached his shoulders. Poor d'Orsay's linen gauntlets had not yet burst upon the London world; but Mr. Lytton Bulwer had three inches of cambric encircling his coat cuffs, and fastened with jewelled sleeve-links. He also dangled from his ungloved and glittering right hand a somewhat gorgeously jewel-headed ebony cane, and the dangling was of the scientific kind." The gossip-mongering American visitor, N. P. Willis, testified to the same effect, adding: "His head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much,

but is very broad and well marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline, and far too large for proportion, though he conceals its extreme prominence by an immense pair of red whiskers, which entirely conceal the lower part of his face in profile." There are repeated references to his supercilious manner, with a drawling voice and an air of Olympian superiority, which roused many of his literary rivals to frenzy. Thackeray, for example, assailed him repeatedly with vicious satire, in the transparent disguise of "Lord Bulwig."

Disraeli was an equally resplendent figure, with an added touch of oriental vividness. The sprightly Willis may be quoted again: "He sat in the window, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick, with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him a conspicuous object. He has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously with macassar oil." We read elsewhere of him walking up Regent Street in a blue surtout, light blue trousers, and black stockings with red stripes; or dining with Bulwer in green velvet trousers, a canary-colored waistcoat, silver shoe-buckles, and lace at his wrists. Lady Dufferin saw him at a dinner party

in a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, and white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them. Bulwer seems to have been inhibited by his austere British ancestry from abandoning himself to quite such barbaric plumage.

Both being such devoted adherents of the Regency *beau monde,* it was natural that their first literary model should be the laureate of that society, Lord Byron. Although he had not been in England since they were schoolboys, the circle in which they moved was still agitated by his recently terminated exploits. Their close association with his intimates may be exemplified by the case of Lady Caroline Lamb, who had been Byron's first celebrated inamorata. Bulwer fell violently in love with her while still in his teens, oblivious of her being more than twice his age, and made her the heroine of at least two unfinished romances, although her only appearance in his published work was in the less flattering character of an unnamed lady of forty-five, who flirts with the hero of "Godolphin." Disraeli also came within her orbit, but was apparently less impressed; he gave her the important rôle of Mrs. Felix Lorraine in his first novel, as well as including her, of necessity, in "Venetia," the story which he wove around the career of Byron, wherein she is called Lady Monteagle.

The literary standards of their friends and patrons being determined exclusively by Byron, they naturally imitated him slavishly in their first writings. Bulwer's "Weeds and Wildflowers" is a twin to "Hours of Idleness," and Disraeli's "Modern Dunciad" faithfully echoes "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." They had mastered well the popular note, but so had scores of others, and they were not particularly distinguishable in the crowd.

In one respect, however, they differed from the others. Beneath the two elegant exteriors lurked a ravenous ambi-

tion, which pursued more worldly objects, and recognized more practical weapons, than Byron's desire for gloomy fame. Neither was wealthy enough by inheritance to maintain a position in the brilliant circles which had admitted them, and to which their inclinations impelled them. Bulwer subsisted on an allowance from his mother, which was withdrawn when he married against her wishes; Disraeli was deep in debt before he was twenty-one, as a result of injudicious speculation, and the danger of arrest hung over him for many years. If they were to hold a place in the extravagant province of Belgravia, they must earn copious money by some gentlemanly method; if they were to advance toward political prominence, they must first catch the public attention. Obviously, their literary talents must be turned to account.

They did not need much time for discovering that poetry would not serve. Even in Byron's lifetime the enthusiasm which greeted his early rhymed romances was diminishing. What he would have done had his career been prolonged must remain a problem for fantasy, but it is significant that his last extended poem conformed in all respects to the traditional model of the English novel, being episodic, picaresque, satiric, digressive, intermittently realistic, and interminably long. Remembering that Scott was forty-three when he turned, under pressure of waning success, from poetic narration to prose, one cannot help wondering whether Byron, had he lived to the same age, would not have done likewise, and proffered a rival to "Contarini Fleming" and "Godolphin." Formed by analogy, one's concept of that hypothetical first novel of Byron's proves to be indistinguishable from those and the other works of his two disciples.

The essence of their achievement is that they mated the Byronic romance, which was moribund, with the realistic novel, which was stagnant, and propagated a lively offspring. The social furore aroused by the new literary type was unprecedented. All the young men of fashion quoted and imi-

tated the epigrams of Vivian Grey and Henry Pelham, studied their mannerisms, extolled their charm. One of the fashions established by "Pelham" has survived for a century: the hero's mother remarked in a letter to him, "you look best in black, which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so"; and straightway all the dandies discarded their colored coats and adopted black for formal evening wear. Even Bulwer's vanity could scarcely have foreseen that a hundred years later, in Turkey and Japan and California, millions of men would be docilely obeying his casual dictum.

The traits which Bulwer and Disraeli inherited from Byronic romanticism were obvious enough. One was self-glorification—the subordinating of the whole story to a central figure who was unmistakably an idealized version of the author himself. Even without any extraneous knowledge of the authors' careers, one could not fail to recognize in the delineation of Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming, of Falkland, Pelham, and Godolphin, that paternal sympathy which poets and novelists reserve for their self-portraits. The limitations of actuality fade, and the writer shows himself as he longs to be. Vivian Grey, scarcely out of his teens, yet the trusted political adviser of statesmen and the courted cavalier of great ladies; the Young Duke, plunging into lurid dissipation and suddenly amazing the nation by becoming a brilliant administrator; Pelham, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," secretly but assiduously acquiring both the mental and physical powers to make himself preëminent in serious affairs; they are identical in outline with their creators, and differ only in the more melodramatic rapidity and completeness of their successes.

The essentially romantic idea of the superman is also noteworthy. All these heroes are of the Faust model in seeking not only all knowledge, but all sensual experience as well. They are simultaneously poets and men of the world, scholars and men of action, lovers and misogynists. They have read

everything, travelled everywhere, sampled every emotion. Scorning the average citizen, they regard it as a favor to consort with even the greatest of their contemporaries. The conventions of ordinary behaviour are beneath the contempt of such extraordinary beings.

The outcome of such versatility is a restless oscillation between overwrought emotion and disillusioned cynicism. Category-mongers are sometimes distressed by the fact that the ultra-romantic Byron employs satire as freely as the ultra-classic Pope. The difference, of course, is that Pope's satire was the consistent expression of a logical splenetic mind, whereas Byron's was emotional dyspepsia, the revulsion caused by indulgences which were themselves highly vulnerable to satire. These fluctuations from violent eruptions of personal emotion to perverse attacks on all orthodox standards formed the "diabolism" by which Byron and his followers shocked and thrilled the public. Enough of it remained in the early novels of Bulwer and Disraeli to revive that thrill.

As a background for this romantic individualism, they used much of the romantic paraphernalia. Distant and picturesque settings were introduced whenever possible, Italy being much favored, with occasional excursions as far as the Levant, all distinctly reminiscent of Childe Harold. Mediaeval times also had their appeal, and Bulwer's "Lelia" or Disraeli's "Alroy" and "The Rise of Iskander" could pass as prose sequels of "Lara" and "The Corsair." The supernatural, too, whether as mysterious psychological phenomena or as the more robust spooks of the tale of terror, attracted both of them, particularly Bulwer.

On the other hand, their adoption of the novel as a medium involved other traits which were not at all romantic. Prose depicts the speech and behaviour of human beings very much more plausibly than verse, and moreover the whole tradition of English fiction tended toward social criticism. Above all, there was the ulterior motive of their writing, the ambition

for a public career; the elements of melodramatic romance in their books attracted popular attention, but something more substantial must be included to convince the discriminating of the authors' importance.

As a matter of fact, the special model to which their early books conformed was established by another writer, now almost forgotten. A successful politician named Robert Ward turned in middle age to writing fiction, and in 1825 published "Tremaine, or The Man of Refinement," which won a notable success because of its painstaking representation of contemporary society. The book was long-winded, formal in diction, and cumbrous in plot, but the long and earnest debates on theological and political problems, and the varied sketches of county society, Oxford life, and so on, revealing the author's evident acquaintance with his subjects, gave it fame with the more serious-minded readers who had never before found a novel so sober and thoughtful. There is external evidence that Disraeli had this book in mind when he wrote "Vivian Grey"; to preserve his anonymity, Ward had negotiated with his publishers through a young solicitor named Austen, who happened to be a friend of the Disraelis and who arranged the renting of Ward's country house by the Disraeli family just about the time when "Tremaine" appeared. Receiving confidential information through this channel of Ward's financial gains, and being promised similar services in dealing with the publisher, Disraeli saw his opportunity. His youthful vivacity and his audacious wit enabled him to avoid the defects of Ward's book, wherein the hero was a solemn prig and the incidents disjointed and sluggish. The tendency to debate social and philosophical topics was discernible, however, in "Vivian Grey," to those who had encountered it in "Tremaine."

Bulwer's first success in the same mode was likewise provided with a definite purpose beneath the frivolous exterior. According to his own repeated declarations, he was deathly sick of the sentimental Byronism which was still the domi-

nant affectation, taking the form of gloomy mystery, world-weary despair, and vague hints of unutterable sins; he determined to replace it with a more cheerful and practical and sociable pose. Writing about "Pelham" some years later, he remarked, "I think that, above most works, it contributed to put an end to the Satanic Mania—to turn the thoughts and ambitions of young gentlemen without neckcloths, and young clerks who were sallow, from playing the corsair and boasting that they were villains. If, mistaking the irony of Pelham, they went to the extreme of emulating the foibles which that hero attributes to himself, those, at least, were foibles more harmless, and even more manly and noble, than the conceit of a general detestation of mankind, or the vanity of storming our pity by lamentations over imaginary sorrows, and sombre hints at the fatal burden of inexpiable crimes." The two young authors were able thus to supplant the outworn mode for the very reason that they had so much in common with it. Instead of iconoclastic fury, they used subtle reconstruction. Speaking the language of the fashionable world, and borrowing most of the outward semblances of the existing craze, they won the confidence of those whom they wished to control.

Their flair for politics was particularly in evidence. Shrewd comments and maxims were freely interspersed with the flippant dialogue. The recognizable portraits of celebrities were not included merely to amuse the gossip-mongers, although they served that purpose incidentally; they were necessary if the stories were to be immediately applicable to the public affairs of the nation at the moment.

From the very beginning, therefore, they were both writing the "Novel-with-a-Purpose." No one before them had so definitely recognized the propaganda value of fiction, or consciously set out to use the popularity of melodrama and wit as a stalking horse for serious doctrines. Once they discovered their power to influence the public mind, they practised it more and more. The Messianic delusion grew upon

them, as we have seen it grow upon Mr. H. G. Wells. From politics and high society it rapidly spread to social conditions. As early as 1830, Bulwer made a direct assault upon the prison system, in "Paul Clifford," the object of which was, as the author stated in a preface to a later edition, "to draw attention to two errors in our penal institutions, viz., a vicious Prison Discipline, and a sanguinary Penal Code." Thus it definitely inaugurated the series of fictionized tracts which was maintained by Dickens, Kingsley, Reade, and others. Disraeli stayed longer with strictly political themes, but when he came to write "Sybil" he plunged deep into the problems of industrialism, and anticipated "Mary Barton," and "North and South," and "Put Yourself in His Place." In other words, the strongly ethical tendency, with special humanitarian emphasis, which is the most prominent factor in the accepted concept of "Victorianism," first showed itself in the work of these two writers.

Their importance, then, is that they typify perfectly the transition which was inevitable as soon as the industrial revolution began, and which assumed its definite direction with the first reform bill. In politics, it was Disraeli, with Bulwer as one of his lieutenants, who disrupted the old alignment of Whig and Tory, creating new parties consistent with the needs of a new era, at the expense of being termed traitors by their former colleagues. Their literary exploits were of the same nature; again, they began with ostensible adherence to the old standard, and quietly introduced features which ended by displacing it. In the parlance of crime, theirs was an "inside job." The identity of their careers is in itself the best symbol of the new age; Bulwer, scion of the most exclusive hereditary caste, and Disraeli, descended from merchants of a pariah race, met on common ground because the one pocketed his family pride and set about working for a living, and the other clambered to a social level where the old rigid system would never have admitted him.

DISCUSSIONS OF NEW BOOKS

HARVEY, MAKER OF PRESIDENTS

By William E. Dodd

MR. WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON likes to challenge his readers, as one may see from the title of his biography of Colonel George Harvey; for there will be few students of this important book who will not lay it down and ask themselves: was Harvey a patriot or a buccaneer? But patriotism like taste is not a fit subject for dispute.

In the hectic days when William J. Bryan disturbed the peace of the great republic, George Harvey, then an intimate of William C. Whitney of New York corporation fame, of the house of Morgan, and the incomparable Thomas F. Ryan, sought to save the country by means of a reconciliation of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Ryan. The former was in London on July 4, 1906, the latter in New York, both anxious about the Democratic nomination for the presidency in 1908, Colonel Roosevelt daily troubling the waters at Washington. Harvey journeyed all the way to London to persuade Bryan that he might have an interview with Ryan in Paris or elsewhere in order to patch up a peace between the two: Bryan to have the presidential nomination of 1908, Ryan to fill the Democratic war chest—nothing to be said about party policies in case the terrible Roosevelt should be knocked into a cocked hat.

This was unquestionably one of the patriotic endeavors

George Harvey, a Passionate Patriot. By Willis Fletcher Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

of the then editor of Harper's Weekly. But Bryan would not meet Ryan anywhere except upon the understanding that Ryan should sell all his goods and invest the proceeds in Government bonds at three per cent interest; and Ryan would not meet Bryan if he were expected to engage in such a quixotic performance. And the young man Harvey went away sorrowing. Bryan returned from his world tour via London with great éclat, Harvey, Ryan, and William C. Whitney not honoring the great parade through the streets of New York with their presence. The letter, which Harvey wrote from London on July 5, 1906, to his friend Ryan and here reproduced in full, is an interesting document. It explains much.

It enables one to understand a little better the ardent enthusiasm with which Colonel Harvey turned with hope to the possible candidacy of Woodrow Wilson for the presidency of the United States even before the Bryan defeat of 1908. No part of this book is quite so valuable as those chapters which describe the amazing story of Harvey's "predestination" of the President of Princeton University. Never was man so coy as Woodrow Wilson, never kingmaker so persistent as Harvey. The interviews, the maneuvers, the journeys to Chicago, the contrivances of Roger Sullivan and James Smith covering the long and exciting years of 1908 to 1912 are given in some detail and with more satisfaction in these pages than they have ever been given before or elsewhere. I am only waiting till Ray Stannard Baker brings out his story of the other side of these intrigues and contrivances before revising my published account. Johnson shows Harvey to have been motivated by a faith that removes mountains and a patience which equalled that of the most ancient of all pessimists. Wilson does not appear to great advantage. He was about to be put out of the charmed circle at Princeton; he was plainly a trained public man and an opponent if not an enemy of Bryan, the bugaboo of all the eastern leaders of high finance and high politics;

and he dreaded to be seen in the company of Colonel Harvey. The editor could not understand his "find"; he was disgusted when Woodrow Wilson showed so little enterprise as not to think of a train that might take him from Lyme, Connecticut, to Deal, New Jersey, about the middle of June, 1910 to dine with Harvey, James Smith, and the redoubtable Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal. The want of interest is revealed in the fact that Harvey sent William O. Inglis all the way from northern New Jersey to eastern Connecticut in order to make sure that the President of Princeton sit down to dinner that Sunday in the charming house of the editor of Harper's Weekly, Mrs. Harvey quite a little peeved that her husband should persist in trying to make "that man" president of the United States. Mr. Johnson thinks it was all sheer, unpersonal patriotism. I wish I could share his optimism.

And so goes the book all the way through: the story of Wilson's career as Governor of New Jersey; his sad break with Harvey and Watterson, not to mention Ryan and Morgan, at the Manhattan Club in December, 1911, and the telltale letters of Harvey, Mrs. Wilson, Watterson; and the stormy convention at Baltimore — a mass of facts and straightforward narrative for which the historian of our time must be grateful. But the sorrows of those years and the disappointments of Colonel Harvey must be omitted here, genuine as they must have been. The great day of the Chicago Republican convention of June, 1920, beckons.

In the summer of 1917 Colonel Harvey seems to have lost all faith in his "predestined" President of the United States and hence he set up the vitriolic weekly to be known as Harvey's Weekly. That organ was designed wholly in the interest of patriotism and in support of the President. Mr. Johnson was one of its early writers and he says it was designed simply to assist Wilson in doing right. A curious fact is noted, however. Dr. Fabian Franklin, a hostile critic of the President; Charles W. Tyler of the very un-

friendly New York Sun; and Willis Fletcher Johnson of the bitter New York Tribune, with artists and cartoonists of similar attitudes, were selected to edit and manage the new organ of patriotism.

In the years 1904 to 1916 the most ardent opponent of Colonel Harvey and his particular friends had been President and ex-President Roosevelt, who took occasion in public and in private to denounce "that crowd in New York" (Harvey). Johnson says (p. 258): "One of the most interested and sympathetic readers of 'The Weekly' to the end of his life was Theodore Roosevelt. . . . There was a cordial and confidential friendship between the two men. . . . They literally saw eye to eye. Harvey celebrated in a jubilant cartoon Roosevelt's reconciliation with Taft."

No one ought to regret the healing of broken friendships. But there was something historically important about this reconciliation which took place in New York in September, 1918, if memory serves right. Harvey's Weekly was in those years, according to the Chicago Journal of Commerce (itself unfriendly to Wilson), "a humdinger and a rip snorter." Its objective was to break the power of the "predestined" man in the White House, put real patriots on the majority benches of congress, and end the war in Europe with all the Germans in padded cages. That was what Colonel Roosevelt declared to be the real patriotism of the time; and Harvey declared Roosevelt to be the greatest of patriots. This weekly which Harvey and his friends circulated industriously, and about which there was considerable rumor as to personal and financial support, might have received more attention in this book.

There can be no doubt that the then President of the United States was planning one of the great programmes of history, a programme which ex-Senator Beveridge used to say would have ruined the Republican party for a generation to come, if permitted to be realized; and he was

generous enough to say that it was a noble programme. But the President's power must be broken. And Colonel Roosevelt, great as he may have been at times in his life, lent himself wholly to that enterprise. He made a campaign through the great industrial centres of the country in October, 1918. What he said of the then President has not been collected and published in a volume; but those speeches constitute a part of the ineffaceable record. They surpassed anything ever said against any president, good or bad. They were matched only in the pages of Harvey's Weekly. And what was said about the necessity of the total obliteration of Germany and the enthronement of France upon the ruins of her enemy matches the words of David Lloyd George in December following. The campaign against Wilson, right or wrong, and the campaign of the British Prime Minister that fatal year gave Clemenceau the prestige in the Paris conference which should have been Wilson's and the victory which should have been America's. Harvey had a great share in sending Wilson to Paris without a popular mandate. Harvey played a leading rôle in all this and in preparing the agenda for the Republican campaign of 1920.

Mr. Johnson relates with more than passing pride the events of the convention which nominated President Harding. It was June, 1920. Every hotel in Chicago was filled with the great of the land. The number of millionaires who sat in the convention, watched from the galleries, or met in private conferences would have done honor to any gathering of financiers that ever met anywhere. Some were of the oldest and the most discreet; some were of the newest mintage; and others came up reeking with oil from the fields of the southwest and of Mexico. They gave atmosphere and tone. But the men who really decided the contest, who in turn and due time selected the circle of friends who administered the great affairs of the United States for some years, canvassed and looked over in a private room of the

Blackstone Hotel, after two o'clock one hot and sultry night, the plans of the Ohio leaders. Colonel Harvey was the master of ceremonies that night; Medill McCormick, since deceased in a strange way; James E. Watson, known far and near in our day; Frank B. Brandegee, likewise strangely deceased in comparative youth; Joseph Grundy, recently appointed to a seat in the Senate on a most interesting record; James W. Wadsworth, William N. Calder, Henry Cabot Lodge, and one or two others were his confrères. At the right moment Harvey sent for Warren G. Harding and said to him in the presence of his little conference:

> Tell us upon your sacred honor and before your God, that you know no reason, arising out of your past life, why you should not stand with confidence before the American people as a candidate for the highest office within their gift. (p. 278)

The eager candidate knew no reason and was glad to receive the endorsement of such eminent patriots. He was nominated and then elected by a majority hitherto unknown in American history. In the summer of 1923, after a record in the White House till then unmatched and on the eve of revelations not yet forgotten, the remains of George Harvey's second holder of the highest honors of the land were borne to his grave, the "broken" Wilson driving slowly behind the hearse. History and patriotism and . . .?

But meanwhile Colonel Harvey had been two years in London occupying the place which had broken Walter Page. He was in intimate correspondence the while with the President; and the letters here reproduced make interesting and important matter for the historian; never a mention, however, of those choice souls who had surrounded the man whose remains were borne away to Ohio that August day, 1923. The author does not traverse so closely these latter and unforgettable years: the make-up of the Hard-

ing cabinet, the Washington conference, the advent of Calvin Coolidge, the investigations which led to the destruction of many private papers, and the last years of the editor of Harvey's Weekly. William Allen White says that Harvey was a little brother of the rich. I cannot think that he felt himself to be such. His career, as revealed in this book, is strange, unmatched in American or English history; but it is not the career of a patriot, nor one of which one's descendants are apt to be proud when the decades shall have revealed men and things as they were. A subject fit for tears.

SIX MORE BIOGRAPHIES

By Frederick P. Mayer

OVER 3,000 biographies, I am told, deluged the English speaking world last year. Of these, less than five won any place of merit among the fifty best books chosen for librarians' lists. Something must be wrong.

The publishers did not print 3,000 biographies (the figures do not matter—"a great many" would be exact enough for the truth) without a well assured market. Nearly all these sold far above the average price for a modern novel, many of them at three and four times the cost. Biographies —good or bad—evidently fill a place that novels at present do not. The literary merit of these lives of the famous and infamous has no apparent effect on their sale, except in cer-

The Man Charles Dickens. By Edward Wagenknecht. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.00. *Alexander Pope.* By Edith Sitwell. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $5.00. *The Life and Strange Adventures of Daniel De Foe.* By Paul Dottin. New York: The Macaulay Co. $3.50. *François Rabelais, Man of the Renaissance.* By Samuel Putnam. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.50. *Victor Hugo.* By Raymond Escholier. New York: Payson and Clarke. $5.00. *Emerson.* By Phillips Russell. New York: Brentano's. $5.00.

tain cases where (*vide* "Queen Victoria") the knowledge of a fine book filters down to the avid readers of the "right" books. These literary hangers-on not infrequently act as a cheering section or critical bleacher where like sophomores of belles lettres they shout approval.

All this, so far, is obvious. But I want to present the case from its beginnings, where most discussions ought to start. Again, obviously, let me admit that the existence of the fad for biographies is one reason for their momentary popularity. Such fleeting praise, coming from the thin minds of those who read only to be in fashion can do nothing but shame a good cause, and biography needs to be ashamed of its advocates, at times, for they are often silly climbers in the world of books. But having admitted the fad for biographies—and the prevalence of a group of pale "intellectuals" who devour pages without a taste for them—I can move on.

To my mind, biography has grown in favor in inverse proportions to the value of new fiction. The modern novel, and I speak now in general terms, has reiterated the same barren facts of sex life and drab realities of *average* living until it has lost its audience through its own dullness. A tale which used to open magic casements now lets rusted screen doors flap and admit a few sickly flies. The great province of the novel—to illuminate experience—and to inspire by the beauty of life nobly endured and nobly portrayed is a barren country over which the weeds are sending a new growth and around which rotting fences mark off sterile soil.

Readers of books, the ordinary literate readers who make up the vast audience for a man who represents character in written words, turn their faces and offer their purses to biographers whose books recount with romantic glamour the tales of heroic effort exerted successfully by the great men and women of the past. This is what the growth in biography signifies to me, and it is an ominous thing. It indicates that the life has gone out of our fiction, for it was not beyond Richardson and Fielding and Dickens to enthrall the

readers of their own day by books that were not only entertaining but enduring. The novelist may sneer at the American audience which asks for hope and spirituality and moral vigor in its fiction, but he cannot sneer for long. He is bound more to his public than he knows—and he ought to know, for he professes an ability to read the common heart. . . . He should see that foolish optimism, hope unfounded, and aspiration are not false but facts which exist as the only real explanation of ordinary life and endurance by ordinary people of evils which they make no pretense at understanding. Fiction, fettered by an unnatural inaction and despair and checked by a devitalizing disbelief, has handed over to biography the spirited task of speaking to the world's old idealism and sustaining its own faith in itself. Upon such a firm foundation rests the superstructure of modern biography, which offers its reader faith in himself, the satisfaction of achievement, the romance of moving in worlds and times not his own, and the adventure of courageous heroes who pass on to him vicariously dangerous battles grandly won.

Here lies the reason for the number of biographies and the number of poor ones. Once publishers saw with what pathetic eagerness buyers paid for lives that held the spark of genius and the color of heroism, they set their presses humming. So came much bad and a little good. It is not to be expected in this age when more people can buy books than have the taste to read them that the production of biography would reach a level of composition higher than that generally of other current forms. It seems only wonderful that more bad writing has not filled our shelves.

And here starts the quarrel with the professional historian who believes, generally, that biography is badly done and ought not to be praised on any ground whatever. Modern biography, for the professional historian, is an affront to the scholarly process. It is an intrusion upon the sacred grove by bumpkins. It is a production by literary amateurs who

have more daring than intelligence. To him, biographies written by journalists or men of literary interests only are a dangerous tampering with truth, and truth, to be seen, needs to be revealed by a different way.

Only a pedant can hold such views of biography, for any slight knowledge of the means by which we comprehend or rebuild the character of the dead ought to show us the futility of hoping to arrive at the *truth* about the great.

Once a man is dead, nobody coming after really knows him or can tell the truth about him, unless he knew him while he lived. Documents are useful; letters are good, and reports about a man by the diaries of friends or by the records of law courts are helpful, but they can only be used in a reconstruction by *disjointed pieces*. To remake a man out of the fragmentary rags of his earthly shell is, to my mind, more of a creative task than a scientific one, more of an artistic work than a scholarly one. (The scholarly ability may help, but unaided by the artistic imagination it can do nothing but parody itself.)

There is no *truth* about a dead man, only a variety of truths as they can be variously seen and presented. The most skillful array of facts reassembled about a poet or king or courtesan can miss the whole center of the character's essence because the intuitive grasp of the spiritual significance was lacking, which would have given meaning to the picture. (I am about to be attacked for my vague phrase, "spiritual significance," which shields me as I scurry to cover beneath my unscientific speech; yet, anybody who has ever understood a child or friend when the facts, misunderstood, looked black, can know perfectly what I mean if he allows himself the rare privilege of common sense.)

And so, I do not expect of any biography, scientific, historical, journalistic, the truth about a famous character. My enjoyment in the book will not be my belief in the discovery of truth, but it will be the enjoyment of *one* illuminating interpretation out of a possible dozen. And I shall look,

too, for the truth, that truth about men and women which we all see so variously and yet so accurately because our hearts are all different and our own characters and experiences, which make us see with a special angle and a single color. . . . But all of us see the truth as God gives us the power to know it.

(This paragraph is in parentheses. I have evaded the question of *intuitive* interpretation based upon a *faulty* reading of the facts. All I can say is that a man ought to be careful in any work he undertakes. But he does not need to run away from something he can do—run away like a small boy afraid to jump a creek lest he land in the water. The worst we can do in this dull world is to take our scholar-clerks at their own serious estimates of themselves.)

What do styles in criticism and morals and poetry and politics do to our pictures of the dead? Everything. And the historian swings right along with the prejudices and affections of his times, like all the rest of us. So, the meaning of heroes changes. Their lives are fluid, shapes traced in the running water of existence, which the suns and shadows of different days remake with each new dawn. Out of the past the present! Yes, but out of the present the past. . . . In the image of a man now we create God then. The dead years have changed their garments and their guise as man, learning, told himself they must have looked. As he learned more, he revised his opinions. He makes himself a fool whenever he sits down for a quiet moment in his race with death and says solemnly, "Thus the world began. Thus it grew in the past. Thus it will be when I am gone."

There is now printed, in Edward Wagenknecht's "The Man Charles Dickens," an exceptional example of the combination of intuitive or sympathetic insight with the scholarly faculty. I know of no other biography which seems to me to steer the way around the shoal of *popular* novelizing and yet hold interest as does this one, unless it be another book in this list, Edith Sitwell's "Pope." (I must recall, too,

the fine "Bach," by Terry, one of the great biographies of last year's printing.)

"The Man Charles Dickens" comes close to *an* interpretation which is comprehensive enough to be *the* interpretation. It is carefully planned, accurate in the light of recent Dickens findings and in scholarly opinion. It adds to its author's scholarship that rare thing in scholars, a subtle literary taste and an appreciation of Dickens' accomplishment as an artist. Few critics have so fairly balanced the bad with the good in Dickens; none has done so well rounded a study with a use of modern material. Forster's "Life" is, of course, old, and, in some ways, inadequate. Mr. Wagenknecht evidently set out with no determination to wring from readers enthusiasm for Dickens; he willingly admits the defects. (Consider, for example, Mr. Wagenknecht's delightful and nevertheless keen analysis of the lack of good taste in Dickens and in Dickensian humor.) Yet, there is the chapter on Dickens as an artist, where without fearful apologies, Mr. Wagenknecht shows the fullness of Dickens as an interpreter and the emotional rightness of the deep feeling which lies behind every Dickens book. No one who enjoys able literary criticism or vital biography can miss "The Man Charles Dickens" without a loss of pleasure.

Like a series of lovely pictures, Edith Sitwell's "Alexander Pope" recreates the life of the most misunderstood of English poets. Her recreation is intuitive as a poet's always is; her pictures are lyrical in phrasing and in effect; and her bitter-sweet thrusts at pedantry in literary matters are as instinctively right as they are devastating. Her aim is not to popularize Pope, but she does that for those intelligent readers whose hours with Pope's less poetic moments failed to show the subtle rhythms and melodies and colors of his formally shaped verse. I am tempted to quote too freely because the book is a wonderful storehouse of ideas and sensations. Consider the cool bite of this passage in which Miss Sitwell regrets the fact that criticism of poetry is composed by men who are in no way poets:

For this reason, among many others, the task I have given myself is a dangerous and formidable one; since whatever I say must of its very nature injure the personal susceptibilities and make evident the lack of sensibility towards poetry, of some of our more eminent bores.

Or this:

At this time and in our age it has become the fashion for a poet not to be regarded as a poet unless he attempts to cure human ills, to comfort the dying world unless he preaches sermons, or becomes a photographer, telling human nature to look pleasant; unless he produces panaceas for all ills as the conjuror produces rabbits out of his hat, though the magic and the illusion surrounding the conjuror must be absent. In short, the poet must not be a poet, he must be some sort of moral quack doctor.

Then, there is the lyrical mood of Miss Sitwell's prose:

The childhood of a poet is in nearly all cases a strange weaving together of the ecstasy that the poet knows and the helpless misery that is known by a child who is lost in the unfamiliar street of a slum. He is in a foreign place, and the faces around him are dark and strange. Even if they try to speak to him kindly, their language is one that is unknown to him. He must suffer within his heart the mad tempests of love for the beauty of the world of sight, sense and sound, and the mad tempests of rage against the cruelty and blindness that is in the world. But he must suffer these dumbly, for among the tall strangers there is none to understand him, and among the small strangers there is nothing but noise and buffeting. The children are terrifying to him; their eyes are on a level with his own, but they are like the blind and beautiful eyes of statues—they see nothing. He loves them and longs to be loved in return, but he knows that they, too, see him as some statue throwing some long strange shadow, or as a little foreigner dressed in mourning for someone they have never known, or playing an unknown game he has learned in far-off gardens.

Or this:

Pope was a strange little boy even at that time. There was

no bee-winged glittering light of summer, buzzing drowsily in the garden, whose wings did not bring him the strange airs of poetry. And the snow, falling softly and suddenly as the first shadow of age upon some golden cheek, brought him its cold air of remote and unattainable beauty.

Miss Sitwell is frankly an apologist for Pope, but he has never had a better, nor a more understanding reader of those tricks of boyish badness that Pope kept all through life—those petty streaks of mean jealousy, those sly deceptions of his letters take on the shape of pitiful barriers which a great poet, encased in a mean body, built round himself for his own peace. Surely this "Alexander Pope" will take its place as a discriminating interpretation of a man difficult to understand but rare in genius.

Paul Dottin's "Daniel De Foe" has a fine robustness about it that suggests the sweep and zest of the times as well as the nervous energy of the great Englishman it portrays. Here are the political excitement, the journalistic flair of De Foe, and the curiosity of De Foe in capturing the essence of London life, high and low, good and bad, decent and vile. M. Dottin's book gave me the delight which nearly all French literary studies give—the utilization of factual research for the purposes of adaptation to true criticism. The documentation never weighs down the narrative, never submerges the man or experiences to which it is related, as German literary study and American scholarly research often do.

"Daniel De Foe" is a believable recreation of the man and a lively study of the times. London of the plague, London of the great storm, London shaken by Harley and politics, London where the De Foes of the world were made to serve the trivial ends of statesmen and deals—they come back in this book and set the creator of "Moll Flanders" in his right place and show "Moll Flanders" itself in a true but vivid historical light.

"François Rabelais" is unique in this list. Here is an ex-

cursion into comparative literature, into the Renaissance world where France and Rome, where the medieval world and the ancient, where the Germans and the French, are all caught in an incandescent glow and fused so that the poets talk with a universal tongue, with an almost timeless speech, and where the prose writers seem to catch fire from the stir and heat around them, and while politically busy with affairs of the times, have a great grasp upon universals, a knowledge of life which has ever since marked the Renaissance off from our modern and spiritually narrow sight.

I do not see how any reader who cares about great books of the past can fail to enjoy Samuel Putnam's book. Rabelais is a hard man to understand, and Mr. Putnam has seriously tried to present a picture of Rabelais in his times, not in ours, as we usually read him. There is a danger, it seems to me, in reading too much subtlety into Rabelais or into Renaissance satire, just as we moderns read far too much into Shakespeare's often tedious comedy, which was aimed, and ought to be remembered so, at the comic streak of an ordinary movie crowd.

"Victor Hugo" is built upon the novelized style of biography now so popular, as this paragraph will show:

> Eighteen hundred nineteen: a cold February night at number 18 of the rue des Petits-Augustins hard by the museum in which Lenoir had collected the treasures of Gothic France. A bedroom with a vaulted ceiling; a fire of branches crackling; a modest apartment. In an alcove stands a four-poster bed, and in it lies a woman no longer young, breathing with difficulty. An adolescent watches over her, his hair gilded by the vacillating lamp-light, his left hand supporting a pensive head. Under his right hand lie sheets of paper covered with small, round, curling, pretty handwriting. A respectful and obedient son.

Yet the method is effective, despite its brittle series of sentence fragments and its excited, somewhat too worshipful tone in every critical phrase. The book contains much new Hugo material; it is evidently a thorough piece of

biographical research, and, like the rest in my list, has an obvious fineness of purpose and remarkable knowledge of the entire field of Hugo material. It is not thin; it is not a superficial skimming of sources which builds this literary study but an exploration of a vast body of material that few men have ever covered. The Hugo bibliography is like the Shakespearian; it grows so fast that nobody but a specialist can learn the new and work back carefully to the old. For some reason, although the method is vastly different, this book makes me think of the Sidney Lee "Shakespeare." Perhaps it is like the English volume because its author's admiration is so complete, so humble, that the tone of worship before a great writer infiltrates even the most casual—or minute—critical reference.

Phillips Russell has been writing fiction-like stories of Americans for the past few years, and his "Benjamin Franklin" achieved a large sale, not only because of Franklin's popular following among the not too literary Americans of our time but as well because Mr. Russell is peculiarly capable of building smooth narrative out of more formal records of his subjects' lives. This "Emerson" does not go into many of the subtle discriminations and distinctions which usually accompany treatments of his philosophy. But for a clear, readable story of Emerson's life, for a good picture of New England as it may have been, for a characterization of Emerson that will show his native kindliness, his audacity of mind, his intellectual vigor, his sensitiveness, Mr. Russell's biography is an accomplishment that deserves sincere praise. In these days of self-conscious exploitation of things American, it is a gratification to the judicious to find an American author like Emerson presented in a popular way that does no violence to his essential profundity.

A PLUTARCH FOR VIRGINIA

By James Southall Wilson

THE importance of "The Virginia Plutarch" lies in its scope, in its essential sympathy and understanding of the background of the story it tells, and in the harmonizing unity which its author gives to these figures in a tradition.

The author, Philip Alexander Bruce, thus crowns his life work as an historian. Since the publication of "The Plantation Negro as a Freeman" in 1889 he has been an assiduous research historian in Southern and more particularly colonial Virginia history. His "Economic History of Virginia in the 17th Century" and his "Colonial History of Virginia" together with his "History of the University of Virginia" have especially taken their places as invaluable secondary sources. He has represented a conservative point of view as an historian and has been favorable to the historic and aristocratic traditions in the interpretation of Virginia life. He is himself one of the highest and most exquisite illustrations of the civilization of the old South. He belongs to a generation close enough to the Virginia that ended with the War between the States to know its soul and to be touched with the savor of its tradition, and he comes of a family that was of the bone and sinew of the old aristocracy and that through ties of blood or of courtesy was linked with the great men of whom he writes. No one less to the manner born could fittingly have lifted a mirror great enough to give the true reflection of Virginia's Great Tradition, nor could anyone bred in a later generation have felt instinctively the code and the spirit in which his heroes act. "The Virginia Plutarch" is a unique book for this reason. It gives the reflection in a mirror of the tradition of a great state, a great civilization, that—whatever the future

The Virginia Plutarch. By Philip Alexander Bruce, LL.D. 2 volumes. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. $9.00.

may be—has passed as the age of Elizabeth has passed, as the Cavaliers of King Charles have passed.

For Virginia was not the name for certain lines drawn on a map. Once all the eastern part of America was called Virginia; once its diverging lines took in all the great Northwest; once it cradled the ancestors of citizens scattered now everywhere. This Virginia had for its godmother the great queen and its spirit was interpreted by Powhatan and John Smith, by Bacon the Rebel and Governor Berkeley the autocrat, by Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee and George Mason and Thomas Jefferson no less than by George Washington and John Marshall, by the half-crazy genius John Randolph and the cautiously brave James Monroe, by daring men of action like Meriwether Lewis, George Rogers Clark, John Sevier, Sam Houston, Daniel Morgan, or great soldiers like Lee, Jackson, and Stuart, or scientists like Matthew Fontaine Maury and Walter Reed. Dr. Bruce makes the reader feel that these were men who were formed by a homogeneous life, who spoke a common language, who however much they might differ in theories of government or in practical policies, could understand each other because of what they held in common. He is careful to give the ancestral background of each and though he makes it clear that most of them sprang, at least on one side, from aristocratic stock, he shows that even the humblest born among them was also an inheritor of the great tradition. A reader senses all the more the harmony of the Plutarchian background when he encounters the break in the pattern that comes with the alien note of Poe or the modern figure of Woodrow Wilson: and as might be expected the biographer is less sympathetic and less successful with their biographies. They are like these other Virginians in a mental aloofness and a self-confident individualism in thought and action. But they both had critical, analytical minds and Poe insisted upon an international standard in literature as Wilson stood for an internationalism in human relations.

From "The Virginia Plutarch" it is possible to draw up a composite picture of the Plutarchian Virginian which would not exclude even John Smith and Powhatan. He is an aristocrat in manners whether born on the frontier or under the eyes of ancestors painted by Lely and Stuart. He is a man of strong attachment to place and of intense loyalties. He is a fighter by principle and holds dear the reputation of himself, his family, and his state. Pride is with him a virtue and tradition a sacred trust. He may be a man of action or a man of thought supporting a new government or proposing new methods of charting the seas, or conquering disease, but he is by nature a conservative, strong in his emotions and powerfully influenced by sentiment. These are his positive traits and the negative ones are implied in the stating of them.

"The Virginia Plutarch" is a book that will grow in importance to its own proper readers. And those readers will not be the devourers of the popular biographies nor the professional historians. Dr. Bruce had in view "a continuous narrative of deeds" and "not so much what these eminent Virginians were in their personal qualities"; his appeal is less by the amusing anecdote than was the original Plutarch's and not at all by the psychoanalytic method. He presents the life stories of thirty-two men and one woman who lived in Virginia and it is not to be expected that he could bring the detailed accuracy of a research historian to bear upon them all. It may be that were thirty-three specialists to examine each his special subject, thirty-three separate issues would be joined. It is as literature, as the story of a civilization rather than as history, that the books should be read and should be reviewed.

These two solid volumes do not undertake to present new interpretations of character or new facts. They give almost a connected history of Virginia through the lives of its great men for more than three centuries. The narrative is vigorous and entertaining. It is to be expected that in

so extensive a series of biographical studies the author must depend upon many sources and his method precludes specific reference to his authorities. But the background of historical information is remarkable and the easy mastery of his material gives to Dr. Bruce's relation the convincing power of conviction. His style is clear rather than picturesque. It has a flavor of mellowness that accords well with the nature of his subject matter.

There is some unevenness among the chapters. Those that have to do with the colonial days of Virginia and with the earlier statesmen are most engrossing. The least successful are the biographies of Poe and Wilson. The chapter on Poe depends too much upon discredited sources and departs somewhat from the general method of the book. In the story of Wilson, Dr. Bruce is patently unsympathetic, but he restrains himself from open criticism and gives the effect of baffled misunderstanding.

"The Virginia Plutarch" is handsomely illustrated and is a marvel of beautiful printing.

FACTS AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By Graham Aldis

THE zealous reviewer likes to gnaw at his book, as a dog does with a bone, masticating meat and marrow, spitting out the gristle.

Such a course, however, is difficult with the stock on hand

Survey of International Affairs, 1927. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. New York: Oxford University Press. $8.50. *American Foreign Relations, 1928. American Foreign Relations, 1929.* By Charles P. Howland. Published for the Council on Foreign Relations. New Haven: Yale University Press. $5.00 each. *International Relations* (Revised Edition). By Raymond Leslie Buell. American Political Science Series. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.00. *The United States and the Caribbean.* By Chester Lloyd Jones, Henry Kittredge Norton and Parker Thomas Moon. The second volume of "American Policies Abroad" published by the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

before us. Three fat volumes of annual surveys, documented and dispassionate; one encyclopaedic treatise of everything in the field from "XII. International Humanitarianism; the Suppression of Obscene Publications" to "The Outlawry of War"; and a modest "historical statement followed by two points of view." Even in the case of the last, it would be hard for the reviewer to find a single point to criticise which some one of the three contributors had failed to cover. Let the reviewer then grind out: "These volumes testify to the growing interest of the American Public (their circulation may average a few thousand copies apiece) in international affairs and a recognition of the importance of America's position in . . ." Or congratulate Dr. Buell on a "genuine contribution to sound scholarship" or (worst of all) ingeniously discover that on page 833, the Chilean delegate Señor Bastada de Bastudo, should have been Señor Filipa di Filipino. Criticism along such lines was apparently what the compilers of the "American Foreign Relations" fully expected for they sent an errata sheet posting after their first volume to say that the "1300 aides and experts who accompanied President Wilson to Paris" should have been described as "50 aides and 700 chauffeurs, guards, etc." Having on second thought decided that a chauffeur is neither an aide nor an expert, Dr. Howland's young men and women demonstrate that they are indeed imbued with a nice sense of the distinctions which constitute historical accuracy.

As the British volume is the fourth, and the American ones the first and second of the two series, which evidently aspire to become annual events, some discussion of their methodology is in order. The date (1927) of the British volume accurately indicates the period which it covers but native deliberation diminishes its usefulness by delaying its appearance until the closing days of 1929. The American volumes on the other hand yield to the impulse which causes the Saturday Evening Post to appear on a Thurs-

day; they close with the January first of the year whose number they bear; appearing in the following November however, they do pretty well for timeliness, particularly considering the amount of collaboration involved.

The British "Survey of International Affairs" systematically discusses events all over the world, even those like Argentine relations with the Vatican whose concern to Great Britain is indirect. The Survey of "American Foreign Relations" confines itself as its title indicates.

More important is the internal arrangement. The British volume takes up each part of the world and carries forward the story for the year. Dr. Howland and his associates have apparently decided to make each volume treat a different group of subjects. Thus, the first deals historically with "American Foreign Policy"; with "The United States and the League of Nations"; with reparations, debts, the financial aftermath of the war; and with the limitation of armaments. The second deals with the Caribbean and Central America; with the World Court and the Kellogg Pact; and with American immigration policy. These are topics which the editor believes "a culmination of some sort has thrown into high relief or which have come to a stage of temporary arrest and so allow of deliberate examination." Oh happier world, if only each topic would periodically come to temporary arrest and permit the scholar to make his deliberate examination! But a new arms conference in London follows hard on an account of the one at Geneva: no sooner is Haiti neatly docketed than there's a stir on the island followed by an investigating Commission.

The American Survey cannot much longer find three fresh topics each year to treat from their beginnings, yet if it declines to bring the story up to date on those which it has already treated, its value as a source of reference will quickly decline.

The weakness of the American method is evident in the treatment of the Geneva conference which occupies only

three pages, shrewdly summarizing the causes of failure but giving no details of the respective proposals. The British devotes forty pages to it, an account adequate to serve any reference purpose. And incidentally (credit where credit is due) this account is altogether fair to the American position—a condition of things not always observable in authoritative British treatments of controversial issues despite an attitude of apparent frankness and moderation.

The strongest feature of the American volumes (as of the British) is the high standard of objectivity as well as of relevancy. But there is nothing namby-pamby about this objectivity, *vide* the seven pages describing by direct quotation the attitudes of the Republican party and its candidates towards the League of Nations during the 1920 election.

The section on Immigration is carefully done. It makes admirably clear the complicated methods of limitation successively in force. But in doing this it rather pushes into the background the description and analysis of the strong and turbulent forces of public sentiment, ranging from Ku Klux Klan to Fascist League, forces which, rather than any technical problems of racial origins, delayed a definite settlement for so long, forced the issue into a Presidential campaign whence it emerged without clarification and produced inconsistencies in the "before" and "after" becoming-a-candidate position of Mr. Hoover—inconsistencies regarding which the "Survey" has been more charitably silent than in its devotion to the minutiae of historical truth in lesser matters.

Dr. Buell has expanded his excellent handbook from 768 to 838 pages without rearrangement of its structure. Yet less than two of these pages is devoted to discussing "Public Opinion and Foreign Affairs."

Here is the great weakness both in Dr. Buell's handbook and, as already hinted, in the American Survey as well. Aiming at a logical and objective account—their material

mainly official documents—these scholars fail to consider that what makes public opinion is not the facts *ex post facto* but the facts as they seem, or are made to seem at the time decision is made. Time, proximity, and a modicum of knowledge allow the American voter to form some idea of what a domestic issue is all about but almost never a foreign one. In Great Britain, thanks to a well-developed foreign news service, an opposition containing experienced men and a parliamentary system designed to put responsible officials on, if not a hot spot, at least a fairly warm one, the public is at a lesser disadvantage. In Washington, Borah, King et al are chronically suspicious of the State Department but they find it hard to get facts, and their opposition is obviously attributable to anti-Administration bias. About all they can do is to let off steam occasionally by blocking treaties.

Every Secretary of State from Root to Kellogg and Stimson has pleaded eloquently for public understanding and concern with our foreign affairs. And almost every one of them has issued statements which if the American public ever bothered to check them up, would only serve to convince it of the futility of trying to learn anything about its foreign affairs. Mr. Root made his weighty plea in 1922, yet in 1920 he was among the thirty-one leaders who told the country that Harding and the Republicans would join the League of Nations. Mr. Hughes asks, "Are we to stand by and see American citizens butchered?" ignoring interventions like that in Haiti and Nicaragua where American blood was spilled only after, and not before the intervention was set in motion. President Coolidge, explaining the Nicaragua intervention, states that "no American bankers are directly interested in the Nicaragua indebtedness" . . . yet a loan follows.

No, Dr. Buell, Dr. Howland. It is not those valuable quarterlies, "Foreign Affairs" and the "Annals of the American Academy of Social and Political Science" but

the Associated Press and the Saturday Evening Post which do the trick, although they do not appear in your indexes. Professor Toynbee is more of a realist: he quotes freely from the Times, London and New York, and other authoritative papers (in useful footnotes which Dr. Howland in deference to freer modern practice eschews). But even Professor Toynbee fails to recognize the influence of the yellow press or he would not relegate the gun-elevation controversy to a footnote which entirely ignores the capital which Hearst made out of the obtuse British protest.

Professor Moon's attitude at times suggests that because America's actions in the Caribbean are frequently hard to bring into logical consistency with the declarations of statesmen responsible for them, the actions are per se bad. But at any rate he calls some attention to how American opinion is made—a theme upon which we hope he or Mr. Laski or Professor Lasswell, or all of them, will continue further to enlighten us. At least it is fun to know how the magician pulls the rabbit out of the hat even if we do not share in the gate receipts.

BIG AND LITTLE POETRY

By Mark Van Doren

IT IS of course an accident that two volumes as different as these should have come from England together. But it is a happy accident in that it suggests the method whereby each of them may be criticized; each of them being poles away from the other, each of them supplies a test for the other, if only the test of contrast. The intention in both cases becomes an important consideration, since its very

The Testament of Beauty. A Poem in Four Books. By Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50. *The Compleat Workes of Cini Willoughby Dering.* New York: Payson and Clarke (Brewer and Warren). $5.00.

clear implication by the poet makes possible some kind of statement concerning the degree of success achieved.

The poet laureate's intention, though not expressed in so many words, was to write a noble philosophical poem with its application to our day but with its wider reference to that one day of the soul addressed at various moments by Lucretius, Dante, Milton, and Wordsworth. Mr. Bridges has always been a derivative poet—which is not at all to deny that he has been at times a very fine poet—and a scholarly one. He has studied prosody, he has published pamphlets on proper and improper rhymes, and he has even given thought to the reformation of spelling—thought which bears fruit in certain modifications here. And of course he has read the great poets with diligence. That diligence is discernible in "The Testament of Beauty," which constantly reminded me of the masters. The eighth line, beginning " 'Twas late in my long journey," is something like the first line of the "Divine Comedy"; the passages in which Mr. Bridges struggles with modern physics and psychology are like certain passages in the "De Rerum Natura"; the diction in places and the historical disgressions are Miltonic; the diction in other places and in general a pervasive, patient benevolence towards the reader who is being soothed even while he is taught—these are Wordsworthian.

Now these are not charges against Mr. Bridges. Ambition is a godlike sin, and poetic ambition is particularly pardonable. Did not Milton dream of writing a great poem long before he hit upon its subject, and did not Wordsworth write like Milton in the preamble to "The Prelude"? If Mr. Bridges is to be charged with anything, it is with a failure to make us feel that anything has been added to those other poems. A serious failure, and a serious charge. It seems to me that Mr. Bridges has nobly and impressively failed to write the great poem so many English critics are at present saying this one is.

One of at least two reasons is that the poem is not passionate. Most of its six-foot lines read like prose; it has more dignity than feeling, more taste than touch; its serene, bemused, and rather fragile pace is almost nowhere varied by a chance footstep of panic; it simply does not rise and fall. I was everywhere aware of a faithful student conning his themes and caressing his stops; I was not for a moment under the illusion that this was great poetry. To answer that Mr. Bridges is eighty-five would be to make no answer; it would not be relevant to the question, and there is the fact that Mr. Bridges has always written like this.

The other reason, and I consider it no more important than the first one, is that the subject matter lacks simplicity. The "philosophy" is confused, or at any rate confusing. Lucretius had just one thing to say, and there has never been any doubt what it was. Milton may be subject to reinterpretation from time to time, and in our own day he has been in a sense remade by M. Saurat, but his story and his moral are both clear. Dante brought many ideas to bear upon his picture, yet it *was* a picture, and he took pains to let us see him painting it. Wordsworth did nothing more than write the history of his imagination in terms of things seen and remembered. But Mr. Bridges, commencing though he does with the promise that he will reveal what he saw in a kind of vision some time around his eightieth year—a vision which reduced all things to their proper hue and perspective in place and time and ethical relation—does not go on and do so. He devises myths and symbols which for me are not effective; I still do not know what they imply. He wanders through history, biology, astronomy, physics, psychology, and Aristotle—and emerges with a creed rather conventionally Christian to all appearances. I may be unfair here. Further readings, which I hope to make, may resolve these doubts. But I suspect not. I can merely say that I read the entire poem slowly, with respect and with due regard for the craftsmanship. It gave me no intellectual experience whatever—and in the world of po-

etry I take that to mean that it gave me no emotional experience either.

"The Compleat Workes of Cini Willoughby Dering" are misspelled too, but in the direction of Robert Herrick, whose genius presided over every other aspect of their birth. They are a charming series of little poems on the pagan loves of Cini and Colin for each other. Cini and Colin fall in love; marry, or whatever is the equivalent of that; live together in a little house where Cini cooks meals for Colin and makes their common bed while he goes forth in the world to work; have three children whom both of them love as Herrick loved all small things; and sing from time to time like happy birds of their affection. I know nothing of the author except what is apparent—that she (or he?) desired to make a little book in the spirit of a long gone day, did so, and got it printed without any other pretension than that it was the perhaps perfect expression of a little and obscure way of life. This lack of pretension is of course nothing in itself for praise; good poets on the whole have not bothered to be unpretentious. But it does throw the failure of Mr. Bridges into sharp relief. Not that it puts Mr. Bridges in his place. I should rather have failed like the poet laureate than succeeded like Cini. But there is at least a temporary satisfaction in seeing a small job done well.

Not that Cini has done it perfectly. Herrick, for instance, who loved quaint stanza forms and toyed with alternations of long and short lines, did in fact justify these forms. He would not have wasted paper as Cini does in this stanza:

Had I the Spoiles of Araby,
'Twou'd be
The clearest
Ill
To surfeit thee wyth Jewellrie—
'Twere yett
Forsakéd
Still.

I can see no reason why that should not have been printed thus:

> Had I the Spoiles of Araby,
> 'Twou'd be the clearest ill
> To surfeit thee wyth Jewellrie—
> 'Twere yett forsakéd still.

Yet it is quibbling to say so, and I do want to confess that the volume, typographically as well as otherwise, charmed me. The cumulative effect of the poems, none of which by itself would be especially noteworthy, is to arouse a great deal of interest in the two persons therein set forth. Also it is a reminder that faithful love between two fairly simple persons can be quite as exciting to contemplate as the more complicated if not more convincing relationships that literature has recently been begging us to understand.

THE DESCENT OF THE THEATER

By Thomas H. Dickinson

AT FIRST view it might seem difficult to combine these two books in any but the most superficial conspectus. The one deals in broad strokes with the history of dramatic art through the ages, the other sketches summarily the story of a few short decades of American experiment. And yet by taking the searching view one observes that they are both treatments of the same fundamental theme. The argument of Sheldon Cheney's "The Theatre" has an immediate application in Macgowan's rapid and detail-laden pages, and the latter's survey of "little" and "insurgent" theaters takes on a wider import from Cheney's exposition of the long settling down of the theater.

The Theatre: Three Thousand Years of Drama, Acting and Stagecraft. By Sheldon Cheney. New York: Longmans Green and Company. $10.00. *Footlights Across America.* By Kenneth Macgowan. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

In keeping with its subject matter Cheney's "The Theatre" is a big book. It is also a beautiful book, more richly equipped with plates illustrative of theatrical history than any book heretofore available to us. The text has been so well thought through that the author's ideas stand forth with a lucid simplicity. No scholarship appertaining to detail—and there is scholarship enough—permits us to lose for a moment the realization of the central fact of theatrical history, a fact which Cheney epitomizes in a few words, namely that "from Greek times to the Twentieth Century there has been a wider and wider deviation from *conventional* methods toward *naturalism*."

One needs only to study such a book as Cheney's to apprehend how short are the golden ages of art, and in consequence how much each generation is compelled to live in the memories and masterpieces of the past. Theatrical history seems to be written in the records of short periods of fresh and divine *theatricalization* followed by long barren ages of *de-theatricalization*. In all the history of Western civilization there are only two or three periods in which a popular and primitive ritual flowers as if spontaneously into a great drama. The first and greatest of these is the theater of the Greeks, the only theater in which the factors of a primitive faith have been raised by the genius of man to a highly developed and immortal manifestation. No art was ever more fitly served by its medium than the Greek dramatist was served by the chorus, the mask, the simplified fables of universal meaning that have made the Greek drama alike the masterpiece of released imagination and the masterpiece of an absolute technique.

Modern times have brought to the Western world two other eras of dramatic upsurgence, the one growing out of the pagan-Christian ceremonials of the middle ages in the form of morality and mystery plays; the other deriving from the ideal of Christian-chivalry in the form of romantic drama. Failing to achieve a great technique and to inspire a great

poet the mediaeval drama remains an abortion. In the romantic drama of Spain and England Western drama most nearly approximated the absolutes of Greek standards. But both of these fail of the ultimate perfection by a something sophisticated and second-rate in their moral codes and by a failure of the convention to achieve an ultimate fitness, flexibility, and poise.

In the nature of the case the theater of the golden age is not of long life. Indeed it dies by the very process of coming alive. It is in the effort to perpetuate the values of this essential theater that the theater of the second rank, the theater of conventions, arises. Let no one who values an art despise its conventions. It is of the theater of conventions, its shifting forms and varying techniques, that the long history of the theater of the everyday world is written. But in this theater of conventions, which serves as the amusement house of the people during the long centuries between their golden ages, a universal tendency is always to be marked. It is the tendency of the convention itself to become moribund and to decay. From this tendency two great currents of drama flow. Either the *vis comica* produces comedy as a specific for an overblown formalism, or the moral passions of men turn upon their formulas in disgust and destroy them. The Greek comedians after the heroic era; the comparative place of comedy and tragedy in the theater of Rome; Molière following hard upon French Classicists; Jonson after Shakespeare, represent a healthy and corrective phenomenon in art. It is true that comedy worships no gods, rears no mythos, inculcates no faiths. But it does the next best thing. It evaluates those that are or pretend to be.

It is when we come to the destruction of convention in the name of naturalism that we reach the "degradation of the dramatic dogma," to paraphrase the title of one of Brooks Adams's books. Comedy implies the test of creative effort in the spirit of affirmation. Naturalism implies the test of creative effort in the spirit of denial, a denial that is all the

more insidious because it assumes to be based upon *real* things. With the destruction of its conventions the theater becomes either an expert form of mimetic journalism or a highly organized old clothes shop for the sale of vestments of other and more heroic times, vestments for which we still have some taste but which we can no longer make or wear.

It must not be thought that I am here interpreting Mr. Cheney's views. He indeed sees a turning back to Dionysus even in our days. "For we later mortals, as we view about us the decay of moralistic religions, the chaos of conquest-mad civilizations and the spiritual bankruptcy of the prosperous-scientific life, we seek again the roads to emotional-spiritual inundation, to ecstasy, to the experience of God."

Perhaps we do. He would be a lusty prophet who could promise any such outcome from the confusions of the present-day scene. At any rate hope is not denied us and this is the stuff of which faith is made. This leads us directly to the consideration of Mr. Macgowan's book, a work as particular as Mr. Cheney's is universal in its application. For "Footlights Across America" is an attempt to answer in terms of contemporary America some of the more pointed questions raised by Sheldon Cheney's survey. Let it be said at once that the record Mr. Macgowan adduces of the activity of the theater in America during a short generation is a staggering one. One knows not which to admire the more, the tireless industry with which the materials of the book were gathered together or the complex phenomena of which the work is itself an index.

Certainly if hard and sincere work is its own justification and reward then the recent period of dramatic endeavor across the face of America has borne ample fruit. Miracles of industry are recounted. Whole lawns of little-theatrical grass now grow where in 1915 there were only two or three sprigs. Dramatic art is taught in colleges, high schools, and kindergartens instead of, as in the olden days, being expelled into the outer darkness of forbidden extra-curricular activi-

ties. Indeed almost all education and much of the leisure time of many classes of people is now cultivated by dramatization of one form or another. It is all very impressive to some of us oldsters and quondam torch-bearers. But I imagine that we are still seeking for very much the same things that we were seeking for before. I am inclined to think that while our endeavors have been highly profitable to us as social beings and as adventurous souls the mystery of a nation's art still lies beyond the veil.

It is a sign of the complexity of the situation of the modern theater that today even the most courageous does not suggest meeting its problems head on. Few now are hardy enough to suggest national theaters, endowed theaters, repertory as cure-alls. The projects of our day all work by indirection. That shows that we have learned by experience; that now at last we know that the dramatic millenium does not lie just around the corner. Today we seek our ends by devious ways and we insidiously appeal to the principles of hidden growth. In the midst of much that is interesting and of many things that are heartening in the new theater movement of America, two features stand out as the bright particular stars of hope: that some of our dreamers have thrown away the illusions of bigness and are content to be "little"; that a vast army of zealous men and women have planted themselves firmly on motives transcending those of pecuniary profit.

THE DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER

By Harry Clemons

THE story of "The Dream of the Red Chamber" moves in a background that is strange to Western readers. It is a story that one has to assimilate slowly. I have read it bit by bit in my study, in railway trains, in hotel rooms. But each time as I have lost myself in the slow movement of a chapter of the tale, there has seemed to fall over these surroundings familiar to occidental life a veil of oriental mystery. I have felt myself moving in scenes whose meaning was only fragmentarily revealed, gazing at symbols which disappeared before I could master their significance, an untutored being reaching wistfully for knowledge that was beyond my ken.

One is caught at the very beginning by contemplation of a vast stone which had been rejected when the Empress Nu-Kua essayed to repair heaven, but which had derived such spiritual qualities from her touch that it could contract into a pendant of jade, enter into the life of a human family on the red earth, and afterwards expand again, bearing in thousands of characters the record of its adventures. It was a record of the multifarious life of the noble but unfortunate family of the Yungkuofu, in which complicated family relationships, the management of servants, the celebration of feasts, the rites of marriage and of death all follow strange formulas. Mysterious Taoist and Buddhist priests appear and disappear, dreams are more real than waking deeds, flowers and birds suggest strange symbolism, clouds and lakes appear in novel perspective, officials reach posts of distinction by mastery of the classics, and through the very music of the frequent poems sound the notes of

Dream of the Red Chamber. By Tsao Hsueh-chin and Kao Ngoh. Translated and adapted from the Chinese by Chi-chen Wang, with a preface by Arthur Waley. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.00.

an unfamiliar literature. As one slowly reads, the Precious Jade of Spiritual Understanding is borne into a Great Void Illusion Land, over the gate of which are the words:

"When the unreal is taken for the real, the real becomes unreal;

"Where non-existence is taken for existence, existence is then non-existence."

Yet the effect is not sheer mystery. It has reminded me of Chinese feasts. Though during my years in the interior of China in sundry matters of the banquet ritual I learned to play my part, I could never lose the sense of foreign crudeness stumbling in the midst of an ancient and formal and subtle culture. But this feeling of my inadequateness was matched with a delightful sense of the comprehension and courtesy of my Chinese friends. Therein was no barrier of language or of etiquette, and my heart was warmed with understanding. In like manner a contrast dawns upon the reader of "The Dream of the Red Chamber." Even in the midst of the strange background there is being enacted a story that runs true to human nature whether of the East or of the West.

It is a story of family life and of young love. Pao-yu, the hero, and the maidens, Black Jade and Precious Virtue, have barely emerged from childhood. Their youth is spent within the walls that surround the spacious family compound. Within, skillfully ruling over the three hundred "mouths" of the Yungkuo family is the Matriarch. She is like a salty proverb, full of shrewd wisdom; and it is no empty reverence that is paid to this delightful dowager. Black Jade, a clever and beautiful girl of delicate health, on the death of her mother comes from her home to live with the family of her relatives. She is kindly received. She meets Pao-yu, the handsome and willful scion of the family, who had been born with a piece of jade in his mouth. At the first meeting he promptly loses his heart and his temper.

But life goes on. There are school scenes, told with the

verve of Booth Tarkington. A poor country cousin makes a visit and convulses everyone with her quaint ways and homely wit. Bits of tragedy peer out from sad hearts. There are tales of unseemly intrigue; and amorous intruders are treated with Chaucerian contumely. Women exchange gossip and medicinal recipes. One of the daughters of the family is chosen as an imperial concubine, and the fortunes of the Yungkuofu are in the ascendant.

Summers succeed springtimes. The proud and sensitive Black Jade and the impulsive Pao-yu mutually attract each other. But each is somehow impelled to show the worse side to the other. Sparks of bad temper flash when they meet, and misunderstandings and regrets canker their absences. Pao-yu loafs in his studies and is chidden by his father. He falls ill. The kindness of Precious Virtue soothes him. His spirits are quickened by some new impulse and he recovers. A poetry club is formed. Pao-yu does not especially shine, but Precious Virtue wins laurels because of her depth of sentiment and Black Jade because of the cleverness and distinction of her verses.

Autumn leaves fall and New Years roll around. The youths and maidens reach their late 'teens. Pao-yu loses his jade pendant. Black Jade's illness develops alarming symptoms. The imperial concubine dies. The family fortunes decline. Some of its members incur the displeasure of the Emperor and are exiled. Pao-yu's father is appointed to a distant magistracy. The Matriarch decides that Pao-yu must be married at once. Her choice of the bride is not easy, for the eyes of the wise old grandmother have not been blind. But the family must be served; and of all the maidens, Precious Virtue is most eligible. So it is decreed. Word reaches Black Jade cruelly by way of gossip, and her illness moves rapidly to a climax. By an ill-advised subterfuge Pao-yu is allowed to understand that Black Jade is to be the bride. He gladly accepts this rumoured decision. Simultaneously occur the agony of Pao-yu's disillusionment at the moment

of marriage and the heartbreaking scene of Black Jade's death. The wedding is as tragic as a Greek drama. One's emotion is purged to exhaustion. Only the honesty and understanding of the lovely and unfortunate bride, Precious Virtue, lighten the gloom.

The ending is hurried—at least in this rendering into English. A Buddhist priest presses his way in for a whispered word with the stricken Pao-yu, and the lost jade mysteriously reappears. Pao-yu gradually recovers, resumes his studies, and passes the official examinations with high rank. Some degree of prosperity returns to the Yungkuofu. The exiles are recalled. It becomes known that Precious Virtue will give birth to a child, which turns out eventually to be a son. But Pao-yu disappears forever in company with the priest.

Of course no mere summary can be just to the extraordinary content of such a realistic and diversified story of Chinese family life as "The Dream of the Red Chamber" presents within its strange setting. This is a great novel. With "The Three Kingdoms" it ranks foremost among the novels of the old Chinese literature. The characters and the incidents of these two tales are as familiar to one quarter of the world's population as are the characters and incidents of "David Copperfield" and "Les Miserables" to the peoples of the West. It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect which these two novels, through the printed page and the voices of the professional story tellers, have had upon Chinese life for many generations.

Yet it is odd that, in spite of the popularity in China of stories like "The Dream of the Red Chamber" and "The Three Kingdoms," in the old Chinese literature fiction was placed near the bottom of the literary scale. The service rendered by such stories in revealing the intimate life of the people seems not yet to have had adequate recognition. Moreover fiction reached its public in large part through the mouths of the story tellers. It was replete with superstitious

and supernatural elements—though sometimes the introduction of the supernatural may have been a device to lift such stories toward the plane of moral exhortations. Certainly moralizing about historic characters was not infrequent in the old Chinese novels. The author of "The Dream of the Red Chamber" feels called upon at the outset to explain why he does not link his story with a definite Dynasty and adorn his tale with allusions to the morals of the court. "In avoiding this convention," he writes, "and confining myself to my own story, I am opening a chapter in the history of fiction."

These words were written about the middle of the eighteenth century. It is significant that Professor Hu Shih, the brilliant leader of the twentieth century Chinese literary revolution which has turned literary expression into the freer channels of the colloquial and has thereby given new life and status to such forms as the novel, has recently made an exhaustive study of "The Dream of the Red Chamber." In other words, it has remained for the Chinese of our day to discover in a novel material worthy of scholarly investigation. And one of Professor Hu Shih's conclusions has been that the original author, Tsao Hsueh-chin (whose incompleted work was finished, in the version that is used for this translation, by Kao Ngoh), was actually venturing the innovation of writing about his own family.

A word should be added concerning the translation. In the form before us the twenty-four volumes and the three or four thousand pages of the original are reduced to a book only a few pages longer than "Jalna." Many of the incidents, much of the poetry, all of the story-teller's tags at the ends of the chapters are omitted. The background foliage is thinned out and the central story is woven together to give greater continuity and directness. The translator, Mr. Wang Chi-chen, has made a courteous and skillful attempt to adapt "The Dream of the Red Chamber" to the limitations of Western hurry. In this respect his

work is in amusing contrast with the translation of "The Three Kingdoms" by Mr. C. H. Brewitt-Taylor.[1] The Chinese translator has not feared to amputate his text in consideration for his Western readers; the Englishman has risked exhaustion on the part of his readers through reverence for the Chinese original.

At any rate the effort to read "The Dream of the Red Chamber" is eminently worth making. In these days there appears to be a commendable desire on the part of many Americans to know something about China. That desire tends to meet discouragements. When the story from China in Tuesday's newspapers seems to contradict the story in Monday's papers, on Wednesday we feel inclined to keep to items from Washington and Chicago and Wall Street which we flatteringly believe ourselves to understand. But the newspapers have to be too factual and occidental. The China of today is not springing full grown from the headaches of America or Great Britain or Russia. It is emerging out of the China of yesterdays. And into the life of old China the reading of "The Dream of the Red Chamber" offers a first lesson in real insight.

DIME DREADFULS

By Wilmot E. Ellis

I CAME darn near being whipped for reading dime novels written by my own father, Edward S. Ellis. That is as near as father ever came to whipping me for any boyish offense. He spared the whip, although he never

Dime Novels. By Edmund Pearson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.00.

1. *San Kuo, or Romance of the Three Kingdoms.* English version by C. H. Brewitt-Taylor. Shanghai: Kelly and Walsh, 1925. Two volumes. The original was written about 1300 and deals with political intrigue and warfare in the second and third centuries, A. D.

spared bullets or tomahawks in his Indian tales. But on the occasion when he discovered me reading "Seth Jones," which I had unearthed in the late 70's in the attic of our Trenton home, he sternly enjoined me to replace it and to forego reading his dime novels until I should have attained more mature years. Well—I didn't get caught reading any of them after that.

I did not understand then but I do now. At that time the dime novel (and the half dimes) had become so trashy, bloody and thundery that father was willing to forget his early ventures in that field and let sleeping dogs lie. As Mr. Pearson points out, Mr. Ellis vainly remonstrated with Erastus F. Beadle, the "father" of the dime novel, for allowing the Beadle standard to deteriorate.

Mr. Pearson devotes one section of his book to replies from queries that he sent to various notables, asking them to relate their boyhood experiences with dime novels. None of those replying appears to be old enough (seventy-five years or more) to recollect the Beadles in their first healthy flush of youth (1860-1870, about). The replies corroborate my own conclusion—after considerable investigation—that the whipping of boys two generations ago for reading dime novels was only practiced by those brutal parents who whipped their children for all kinds of trifles and from mere cussedness. Mr. Pearson also punctures the legend that cheap fiction, especially of the Jesse James genre, incited boy readers to crime. On the other hand, the legend that alluring novels dealing with Indian warfare inspired many a youngster to run away from home to follow the footsteps of Buffalo Bill will not down. But it is decidedly unfair to charge all such escapades to paper-covered yarns.

As to the charge of immorality frequently flung at these last-century cheap novels, they were never immoral. Consider these extracts quoted by Mr. Pearson from Beadle's circular instructions to authors:

"We prohibit all things offensive to good taste, in ex-

pression or incident. . . . We prohibit subjects or characters that carry immoral taint. . . . We prohibit what cannot be read with satisfaction by every right-minded person—old and young alike."

The "big idea" of publishing low-priced paper-covered novels dealing with frontier life, after the Cooper tradition, but with action predominant rather than incidental, was hatched, shortly before the Civil War, in the brain of Erastus F. Beadle, born in 1821 in Otsego County, New York (Cooper's country). He organized the firm of Beadle and Adams, whose first "orange-covered" novel (Beadle always resented the term "yellow"), "Malaeska: the Indian Wife of the White Hunter," was published in June, 1860. It had previously appeared as a serial in The Ladies' Companion. The author, Ann S. W. Stephens, was a notable high-brow, distinguished both in America and England.

The Beadle firm made their heavy and—at the time—unique plunge in advertising when they placarded the country in the late Summer of 1860 with signs bearing the inscription: "Who Is Seth Jones?" On October first of the same year, puzzled America learned the answer, when a book appeared entitled "Seth Jones; or, The Captives of the Frontier." The author was Edward S. Ellis, a school teacher of Trenton, about twenty years of age. He was paid seventy-five dollars for this novel, his first venture into literature. "Seth Jones" attained a circulation of something like half a million and was translated into a number of foreign languages. I remember hearing my father say that he had once seen a copy in Welsh. Both "Malaeska" and "Seth Jones" were subsequently published in boards.

Some of Beadle's other popular writers were Mayne Reid (who drew down the biggest pay of all), Captain Whittaker, Bracebridge Hemyng (the creator of Jack Harkaway), Oll Coomes (my own favorite), and Prentiss Ingraham, a world-wandering soldier of fortune and "shadow writer" for Buffalo Bill.

The earlier Beadle novels attracted intelligent literary criticism. The North American Review of July, 1864, printed a review by William Everett of "Beadle's Dime Books." Mr. Pearson quotes the substance of this review, which on the whole was favorable—the review concluding with wishing the Messrs. Beadle success.

Not only that, but Mr. Pearson's researches establish the fact that intellectuals of the 60's to 70's were as keen on adventure fiction as they are today. He says: "Men who have been named as readers of the Beadle novels include Lincoln, Seward, Henry Wilson, afterwards vice-president, and Robert Toombs, the Confederate statesman. Henry Ward Beecher is said to have recommended some of them, while Senator Chandler gave Ellis's 'Oonomoo, the Huron' an emphatic endorsement. The man who didn't like it, he said, was not fit to live."

Mr. Pearson traces, as intelligently as the complexities of the problem permit, the genealogy of cheap novels from "father" Beadle, through Beadle's own vari-titled publications, through others such as "Old Cap Collier Library," "Old Sleuth Library," the Nick Carter novels, the Frank Merriwell stories, down to the adventure and detective magazines of today, selling for a quarter or so—about the equivalent of a dime in the 60's.

Mr. Pearson's book is a valuable contribution to the history of American literature, besides serving as a joyous hark-back for oldsters who are still youngsters. It is seductively illustrated with pictures of "yellow-back" covers and enlivened with generous extracts from old thrillers. As the ornate slip cover says: "The quoted matter alone is worth the price of admission."

THE DANDRIDGES AND THE GANTS

By Stringfellow Barr

STARK YOUNG'S "River House" and Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel" are both novels about the South written by Southerners. But a foreigner would not readily discover in the two books reflections of the same civilization. "River House" is a backward glance at a dying culture submerged and overwhelmed not merely by America but by its own Americanized youth. "Look Homeward, Angel" is the saga of a human soul, the soul of a boy who happened to grow up in North Carolina.

Many of Mr. Young's most ardent admirers have doubted whether the novel was his true métier: it has been in his dramatic criticism, his "encaustics," his vignettes that they felt most the force of his personality, a personality rich in artistic sincerity, in restraint, in spiritual discretions. But I think that in "River House" Mr. Young has done a valuable piece of work and one that could have been done in no other form. Who else in America is so well fitted to portray the conflict between the older South and its Americanized offspring? And how surely he has placed his finger on the real tragedy of that conflict: not that—as Major Dandridge of River House would have put it—the South was defeated but not beaten, but that Major Dandridge's daughter-in-law did not know how many years it took to get from Fort Sumter to Appomattox. Mr. Young paints with infinite lovingness the aging inmates of River House: the Major, Aunt Ellen, Aunt Rosa, the horsey Mr. Bobo, the vatic "Cud'n Tom." The old ladies, particularly, are genuine miniature masterpieces. But Mr. Young knows also the incoherent agony of young John Dandridge's heart; he knows why the young Southerner finds Southern family

River House. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. *Look Homeward, Angel.* By Thomas Wolfe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

life with its garrulous intrusions so extremely oppressive; he knows why John's wife, who seems to the Major no better than she ought to be, finds the older sexual ethic of the South really obscene. "River House" is not an important novel, but it is filled with understanding.

I should call "Look Homeward, Angel" the work of a genius, but that the word is somewhat overworn of late. In any case I believe it is the South's first contribution to world literature. I am aware that "Uncle Remus" is read wherever English is spoken and that in our own generation writers like DuBose Heyward and Julia Peterkin have created real literature. But it seems to me extremely significant that generally speaking the Southern writer has had to turn to the negro when he wanted to paint life as it is. The life of the white Southerner has been for political and traditional reasons so compact of legal fictions and dying social shibboleths that it has been difficult to do anything with it unless one sentimentalized. Even "River House" had to be composed in a minor key, perhaps the only key available to a defeated culture. Thomas Wolfe, on the other hand, has constructed a really tremendous novel out of the mean and sordid life of a North Carolina town. A lesser artist looking on that scene, would have become excitedly denunciatory or triumphantly analytical and would have discovered in it no more than another Zenith City or another Winesburg, Ohio. What Mr. Wolfe beheld was the travail of the human spirit, blind to its own stupidities, its cowardice, its lusts. His novel is of epic proportions, physically and spiritually.

His hero's father "reeled down across the continent" from Pennsylvania to North Carolina and spawned a family of children as terrifyingly different from each other as most brothers and sisters really are: Helen, with her tempestuous affections and antagonisms and her inherited bibulous tendencies; Luke, with his genius for acquaintance and his incapacity for real feeling; Steve, whining, boasting, and stinking of nicotine; Eugene, about whom this epic really centers;

Ben, with his fierce spiritual isolation, perpetually murmuring over his shoulder to his particular angel: "God! Listen to that, won't you!" Above them all the father, W. O. Gant, towers like the elder Karamazov, screaming profanity and obscenity at his wife and children, reciting eternally from Shakespeare and a dozen other bards, roaring for every one's pity, drinking himself into cancer, and being hauled out of brothels by his eldest son.

Which of Thomas Wolfe's particular skills has contributed most to this book's making? Over and over again his prose slips into sheer poetry. Over and over again one ironic sentence creates a character. But above all his loving pity for all of lost humanity gives his work that religious quality one gets in Dostoevsky.

Does Mr. Wolfe add anything to our comprehension of the South? It is a difficult question to answer. His book is not about the South of Major Dandridge at all. Indeed, that Old South is not very obvious to anybody who ever saw "Altamont," which is the name Mr. Wolfe gives his native Asheville. The Gants are certainly not typical of the Southern upper class, though neither are they quite what that upper class means by "common." They are socially unclassifiable. "Look Homeward, Angel" is not concerned with the problem of a surviving Southern culture. When its author mentions the South it is chiefly to speak of "the exquisite summer of the South," the "opulent South," or the "fabulous South." The natural beauty of the land lies deep in his blood but the politico-social problems of its people touch him scarcely at all.

I do not believe that Mr. Wolfe's novel has invalidated one iota the significance of whatever the Old South produced of human beauty; and I am certain that Mr. Wolfe himself would feel soiled at being thought of as a "debunker." But I do think that he is the first novelist of the new dispensation in the Southern States, the first to grow up sufficiently outside of River House to look with a child's eyes at the

life about him. Whenever, as in Poland or Italy or Ireland, the sense of a culture distorted by outside pressure has directed the artist's eyes to programs like national resurgence, the highest art has been the chief sufferer. The South has labored precisely under that handicap; unable to recapture a social synthesis that Reconstruction had destroyed, it had not the heart, or the stomach either, to adopt frankly the American solution of life. Nor has Mr. Wolfe adopted it, but his conflict is no longer the political conflict of the South and the North but the artistic conflict of his own spirit with the souls about him. With "Look Homeward, Angel" the South has contributed to the literature of the world a novel, strongly provincial in its flavor, universal in its terrible tragedy.

FRANK NORRIS IN RETROSPECT

By Edward Wagenknecht

AS THE ten volumes which were all that Frank Norris lived to write stand now at last side by side upon the shelf, bound in sombre black and stamped with a sheaf of golden wheat, one pauses to confront once more that bitterest and most perplexing of tragedies, the tragedy of an unfulfilled genius. He has waited long for a collected edition. More than twenty-five years have passed

The Writings of Frank Norris. Volumes I-II. *The Octopus.* With a Foreword by Irvin S. Cobb. Volume III. *Blix; Moran of the Lady Letty.* With Introductions by Kathleen Norris and Rupert Hughes. Volume IV. *The Third Circle; A Deal in Wheat.* With an Introduction by Will Irwin. Volume V. *Vandover and the Brute.* With a Foreword by Charles G. Norris and an Introduction by H. L. Mencken. Volume VI. *A Man's Woman; Yvernelle.* With a Foreword by Christopher Morley. Volume VII. *The Responsibilities of the Novelist; The Joyous Miracle.* With an Introduction by Charles Caldwell Dobie and a Foreword by Grant Overton. Volume VIII. *McTeague.* With an Introduction by Theodore Dreiser. Volume IX. *The Pit.* With a Foreword by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Volume X. *Collected Writings.* With an Introduction by Charles G. Norris. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. $2.50 a volume, $25.00 the set.

since appendicitis struck him down in 1902. One wonders just how much the readers of today know about him, how much they have savoured of the passion and idealism that he poured into his books.

Genius there was, beyond cavil, there. Nothing short could ever have won the victory over the many distressing defects and shortcomings writ large over even his best work. For Frank Norris was a writer of amazing contradictions. I, for one, fresh now from reading him and from re-reading, find myself quite unable to hazard what he might have done if he had lived. There was one whole side of him that was not artist, not novelist at all, but journalist, sociologist, reformer. It is even conceivable that fate was kind, that in the troublous days through which we have lived since, this side might have grown upon him, so that the publicist should at last have stifled the artist altogether. One hopes not. One clings to the faith that as time went on, as his understanding matured and his experience widened, he might have risen above his stereotyped descriptions, said good-bye to the "strong woman" whose ideal so strangely obsessed him, outgrown his "raw scenes," sloughed off the bad melodrama and the bad writing that sometimes disfigure his finest conceptions, and somehow brought his varied rich endowments into a fine harmony. These things accomplished, he would surely have become our greatest American novelist.

It is not that one would have had him develop into a San Franciscan Henry James. Here is what makes Frank Norris such a fascinating problem: the weakest side of his work is, in a way, the strongest side of the man. His moral passion, his idealism, his desire to make fiction contribute somehow to the good of his country and the needs of men—all this was intimately bound up with what we may call his journalism. It is for this reason that I think the publishers are right in choosing the sheaf of wheat as the symbol of his books. What this amounts to practically is a declaration

that "The Octopus" is his greatest book. And it is, though several of the gentlemen who write the prefaces award the palm to "McTeague." The error is not difficult to understand. "McTeague" is undoubtedly Norris's most perfect novel, his finest work of art. But a writer's most perfect book is not necessarily his greatest. "A Lost Lady" is Miss Cather's most perfect book, yet compared to "My Antonia" or "Death Comes for the Archbishop" it is of no significance whatever. "The Octopus" is full of faults—clumsy machinery, rubber-stamp descriptions, pages and pages of extraneous material, melodramatic villains, and at least one melodramatic, "poetic justice" death—yet, for all that, it is a great book, and the heart-beat of a people vibrates in it. The development of Frank Norris into the great novelist he ought to have become could never have been achieved at the sacrifice of those elements of "The Octopus" which are not present in "McTeague." The point is simply that in "The Octopus" they are not all assimilated properly, not yet perfectly subdued to the ends of art.

Frank Norris is generally thought of as a realist. Was he not a disciple of Zola?—witness the map at the beginning of "The Octopus"—and was he not one of the first American naturalists? Certainly naturalism would seem far more domesticated in the United States now than it was when he died, yet only a few years ago, when Erich von Stroheim achieved his extraordinarily faithful motion picture transcription of "McTeague," one heard outcries on every hand that nothing so utterly realistic, so remorselessly brutal had ever been shown on the screen. And Norris went even beyond "McTeague" in sordidness and in brutality—compare, for example, the terrible close of "Vandover and the Brute" or the nauseating description of the shipwreck in the same book. But that is not the whole story, for if Norris was wise in the ways of the world, he was also a gallant knight. He had the enthusiasm of youth always and the glad faith that dreams do come true. He had fed his youthful imagination

on Dickens and Walter Scott, and when he began to write he tried first to cast his compositions in the conventional romantic mode. So we have such pieces as "The Jongleur of Taillebois," a Christ legend called "The Joyous Miracle," and even a poem, "Yvernelle," the material of which was afterwards worked over into a short story, a regular movie scenario called "The Riding of Felipe." I am afraid none of these stories is very good. When he turned to the Norse saga material he fared rather better. Not only does "Grettir at Drangey" catch something of the spirit of real, rather than sham, romanticism, but the Scandinavian influence can be seen also in "Moran of the Lady Letty," a gorgeous thing in so far as it savours of the sea, of the sagas, and of "Treasure Island," ridiculous and ineffective only where it deals with love. But even at this stage Norris was developing. Be it noted he had sense enough not to permit Wilbur and Moran to marry.

Romance, then, was not always true to him — or he to her—; sometimes, even in his best work, she betrays him. Take, in "The Octopus," the whole story of Vanamee and Angèle. It is all a little unconvincing, a little adolescent, in its final conclusion even a little distasteful, and certainly it has no business in such a book as the one in which it is placed. "McTeague" too has false romantic notes: the melodramatic tragedy of Maria and Zerkow, the courtship of Miss Baker and Grannis. The latter shows plainly the influence of Dickens, but it does not fit into a novel whose dominant mood is so alien to the spirit of Dickens. On the other hand, the romance of K. D. B. and the sea captain in "Blix," which is in the same tradition, is quite delightful because the whole story in which it finds itself is shot through with a spirit of whimsy.

This whole discussion of the matter of romance and realism in fiction is, of course, vitiated to a large extent by the fact that neither term has ever been satisfactorily defined, and each critic, discussing the problem, is therefore free to

make a definition to suit himself. Frank Norris, too, had his definition. "Romance, I take it, is that kind of fiction that takes cognizance of variations from the type of normal life. Realism is the kind of fiction that confines itself to the type of normal life." We may accept the definition or not, as we choose. Yet it is clear, I think, that both elements must be present in all good writers. Scott is "The Great Romancer," "The Wizard of the North," yet who uses realistic methods of developing scene and character more consistently than Scott? On the other hand, there is plenty of romance in Ibsen, in Tolstoy, in Dostoyevsky—in any realist who is more than a photographer, who tries to go to the heart of things. Norris felt this also: he had no desire to be labelled realist, if this meant that he must confine himself to surface-matters. To my own way of thinking, it seems clear that romance is the life-giving element in fiction, while realism is, as it were, the verifying element. We ask of the story-teller two apparently contradictory things: that he should be true to life, and that his creations should exist in a world beyond life. Norris dreamed of an American epic, the epic of the frontier. Himself he set out to write an epic of a different sort, in the story of the wheat. He had the exuberant temper of romanticism; he had been profoundly moved by the ideals of Zola; he admired the chastened, decorous realism of William Dean Howells; and on the weak, immature, journalistic side of him, he suffered a bad attack of Richard Harding Davis! Is it any wonder that he was not able to resolve all these elements and to bring them to a harmonious adjustment by the time he was thirty-two?

When Norris is at his best, he uses details not for their own sake but for the significance there is bound up with them, as when Annixter and Hilma, returning home after their wedding, find waiting for them, casting, as it were, a dark shadow across their happiness, the case of Winchester rifles that Annixter and his fellow-ranchmen had ordered, to use against the railroad forces in case they attempted to

dispossess them of their land. Or there is the canary bird which McTeague takes out into the desert with him, or the drug store with a case of live snakes in one of its windows, in "Vandover and the Brute." Simple enough, this last touch, yet the whole spirit of the criminal world of the Imperial Café seems symbolized in it.

What else is there in Norris that many of our novelists today seem to lack? Is it not a certain moral robustness, a fundamental cleanness so often conspicuously lacking in the realism of the contemporary novel? Frank Norris died on the threshold of the Roosevelt era. We are just getting far enough away from those days to sneer at their enthusiasms, just as we have been sneering at the Victorian spirit so long. And they had their shortcomings and their shabbinesses, as all days have, but one thing they did have which we seem to be losing, the feeling of public responsibility for public trust. Norris felt this as strongly as any writer ever did. He was not satisfied simply to tell good stories, any more than Dickens was. If he had been, his problem would have been much simpler. The very title he chose for his book of essays on the art of fiction is "The Responsibilities of the Novelist." He was tremendously impressed by the fact that people were reading more than they had ever read before in the history of the world, and, as one of those who helped to provide their reading material, he felt himself personally responsible before the moral bar of the universe for the kind of stuff he gave them to read. Particularly did he feel the seriousness of the situation with regard to young people, and nothing in Frank Norris's critical writing is more appealing than his plea for constructive reading material for "the Very Young Girl." Remorselessly, he sweeps away the cant that the novelist's personal morality does not affect his work. He urges young writers that if they would succeed they must be good men as well as good novelists.

It comes out, again and again, this fundamental decency and sanity of Frank Norris—his desire to build not only

good art but good life. Condy's gambling in "Blix," the explorer's sacrifice of his manhood in the short story, "Toppan," the promising young writer's surrender to faddism and insincerity in "Dying Fires"—it would be easy to multiply examples. Take "Vandover and the Brute," that terrible study of degeneration. It moves from start to finish through the filth of a great city, yet it is one of the most moral books ever written, as moral as Daudet's "Sapho," as Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way." When Vandover learns of the suicide of the girl he has debauched, he sees "his responsibility for her death and for the ruin of that something in her which was more than life." That "something" Norris never forgot for long. Sometimes, to be sure—and here again the complicating element—his morality betrayed him. Notably, I should say, in "A Man's Woman," his only really bad book, which is hardly more than a series of grossly artificial settings for moral conflicts every bit as unconvincing and as hollow as the great "situations" in the old melodramas. But sometimes it led him on, too, to fine achievements, as in the study of the redemption of Annixter in "The Octopus."

Here, of course, he was in deadly earnest, working out a kind of philosophy of social regeneration. The growing of the wheat in "The Octopus," the marketing of the wheat in "The Pit"—these were to be followed by the third part, "The Wolf," the part he never lived to write, which was to deal with the consumption of the wheat in Europe. Something of his conception may be seen in miniature in the short story, "A Deal in Wheat," which is quite inferior as a piece of art, but tremendous in its implications. "The Pit" is not so good as "The Octopus," but this is hardly Norris's fault. Stock-market manipulations could hardly hope to rival in interest the actual growing of the wheat, and Laura Jadwin, in whose soul the battle is fought out, is less interesting and less vividly-realized than the ranchmen.

A word or two should be said of Norris's short stories. Nearly a volume of them are now first collected. Naturally,

they vary greatly in merit, but their variety is rather astonishing. There are stories, like "The Third Circle," which have the O. Henry surprise ending, dashed with an element of horror strongly suggestive of Thomas Burke; stories of literary life, like "A Lost Story," introducing again the theme of moral conflict; stories involving a sociological or medical interest, psychology and pseudo-psychology, like "A Case for Lombroso"; and ghost stories of one kind or another, of which one at least, "The Guest of Honor," achieves considerable power. The short stories would make an interesting study in themselves.

This new edition of Frank Norris is not a superlatively fine piece of editing and publishing from any point of view, but it is competent and personable as an inexpensive edition, and it should make a comprehensive view of the man possible for many not hitherto familiar with his work. Of the many prefaces and introductions, the most valuable are those by Charles Caldwell Dobie and Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, who contribute biographical material of the first importance. Why nobody has ever undertaken a full-length biography of Frank Norris is something of a mystery. If it is not done soon, it will be too late. Of the critical articles, some, like Mr. Dreiser's, are interesting, and some are worthless.

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Freeman's "Down in the Valley" (Holt. $2.50), which is as charming an idyl of rural England as you're likely to pick up on a spring day, and a worthy successor to his "Joseph and His Brethren" (Holt. $2.50). You can see that I'm feeling the first effects of spring fever! *Richard Oke's* "Frolic Wind" (Payson and Clarke. $2.50) is another that pleases me, chiefly because it is so delightfully unreal that it makes no demands on anything except my desire to be entertained. And just arrived on the top of the book stack before me is *Granville Toogood's* "Huntsman in the Sky" (Payson and Clarke. $2.50), a fat volume and a first novel, which looks entertaining. I couldn't resist an author with such a name, anyway.

The literary fare from abroad shows an unusually rich variety. *Thomas Mann's* latest book to appear in translation is his short "Early Sorrow" (Knopf. $1.50); there is also a cheaper edition of his earlier "Buddenbrooks" (Knopf. $2.85). *Paul Claudel* is represented by a poetic drama, "Christopher Columbus" (Yale. $5.00), and *Marcel Proust* by "The Sweet Cheat Gone" (A. and C. Boni. $3.00). The same publisher announces the uniform edition of *Proust's* works in English at $2.50 a volume. "That Worthless Fellow Platonov" (Dutton. $2.50) is the title of an early play of *Anton Chekhov,* untranslated until now. Other "spring-listed" titles which should interest the consumer of continental literature are *Jacob Wassermann's* "Columbus" (Little, Brown. $3.50), *Hermann Sudermann's* "Excursion to Tilsit" (Liveright. $2.50), *Maxim Gorki's* "The Bystander" (Cape and Smith. $3.00), *André Gide's* "The Immoralist" (Knopf. $2.50), and *Karel Capek's* "Money and Other Stories" (Brentano's. $2.50). That should make an imposing enough fare for even the most inveterate reader of translations! And, by the by, the publication of *Tolstoy's* "War and Peace" in a new one-volume edition by the Oxford Press ($3.00—and 1500 pages) no longer leaves you any excuse for not reading this masterpiece.

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Just out of perversity I haven't read *Emil Ludwig's* "Abraham Lincoln" (Little, Brown. $5.00), but I suppose I shall if and when the pressure of admiration around me becomes too great for comfort. If it's up to his "Napoleon" it will be worth reading; if it's as poor as his "Life of Christ" it won't be. The other biography-that-will-be-talked-about is, of course, the *André Maurois* "Byron" (Appleton. $5.00), and it *will* be talked about, because it is as sensational and as dramatic as any biography that has appeared recently. At the same time, I think it is much below his "Ariel" as a portrait of a poet. Just at present, I'm much more interested in the "Memoirs of Sir James Melville," edited by *A. Francis Steuart* (Dutton. $5.00) and "Edward Coke, Oracle of the Law," by *Hastings Lyon* and *Herman Block* (Houghton Mifflin. $6.00), both against the gorgeous background of Elizabethan England. *Melville's* own description of the intrigue in the courts of Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots is worth a dozen popular biographies; and Edward Coke's sturdy championing of the common law of England is a real tonic in this age of Prohibition and legalism.

Among the literary biographies, *Albert Erlande's* "Life of John Keats" (Cape and Smith. $3.00) and *J. Lewis May's* "Cardinal Newman" (Dial Press. $3.50) both strike a high average for clarity and freshness of interpretation; *Erlande's* book, particularly, is one of those lucid studies of English poets which French critics seem always able to do. *H. G. Atkins'* "Heine" (Dutton. $2.50) and *Rudolph Kayser's* "Stendhal" (Holt. $3.00) are two more good ones, both of which fill me with desire to read more of the authors about whom they write. *Alfred Harbage's* "Thomas Killigrew" (Pennsylvania Press. $3.00) suffers somewhat from the author's attempt to whitewash his hero, but it is a valuable book for lovers of the Restoration period. And then there is the second volume of "The Diary of Tolstoi's Wife" (Payson and Clarke. $3.50) which

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A book I like is "Iron Man" by W. R. Burnett. This is the lively and moving story of a prize fighter. Coke Mason is one of the most appealing fictional figures of the year. — *Heywood Broun.*

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continues to be fascinating reading. Certainly it should convince young girls not to wish to marry geniuses. . . . *Edmond Fleg* has now supplemented his "Moses" (Dutton. $3.00) with "The Life of Solomon" (Dutton. $3.00), and my hope is that he continue through the major and minor prophets! "Judge and Fool," by *Altalena* (Liveright. $2.50) is a more fictionalized and more highly dramatized book—the story of Samson and Delilah—but it is comparable to *Fleg's* books in that both are the products of men who move with ease among the ancient Hebrew source books. All this reminds me—how does that happen?—of "Daughters of Eve" (Houghton Mifflin. $3.50) in which *Gamaliel Bradford* reveals the lives of seven famous women from Ninon de Lenclos to Sarah Bernhardt. Ninon, by the way, also has a place in *Laurence Housman's* "Cornered Poets" (Cape and Smith. $2.50), a series of dramatic dialogues somewhat in the tradition of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations"—though *Housman* isn't Landor! Still, I like the dialogue in which John Donne sits for his effigy in his winding sheet.

Southern figures come in for the usual amount of biographing, with *Rupert Hughes'* "George Washington: Saviour of the States" (Morrow. $5.00) leading off. This is the third volume, covering the years 1777-1781, of a biography which promises, at the present rate of expansion, to assume really serious proportions before it ends. Lee sits for a portrait in *James C. Young's* "Marse Robert: Knight of the Confederacy" (Henkle. $5.00). Two other announced titles are "Rachel Jackson," by *Gerald W. Johnson* (Minton, Balch. $2.50) and "Jefferson Davis," by *Elisabeth Cutting* (Dodd, Meade. $3.50). And it's impossible to leave biography without mentioning *William Spence Robertson's* monumental-looking "Life of Miranda" ($12.00)—I haven't read it but should—another of those beautifully produced books with which the North Carolina Press is distinguishing itself.

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This seems to be the open season for credos—literary and otherwise. Apparently everybody is determined not to let the new decade come in without some sort of confession of faith—or lack of it. The humanists have the front row—at least in the magazines and the book stores. *Robert Shafer,* who has an article in this issue of the Virginia Quarterly, is one of the contributors to the symposium, "Humanism and America," edited by *Norman Foerster* (Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50), which features the contributions of the two archpriests of the new cult, *Paul Elmer More* and *Irving Babbitt.* Prominent among those books which take issue with the humanists is "The Proving of Psyche," by *Hugh I'Anson Fausset* (Harcourt, Brace. $4.00). Other books to test your critical tooth on are "The Living Mind," by *Warner Fite* (Dial Press. $3.50), *John Cowper Powys'* "The Meaning of Culture" (W. W. Norton. $3.00), and "Adventurous America," by *Edward Mims* (Scribner. $2.50). The most interesting collection of literary credos which has come my way for a long time is "Tradition and Experiment in Present-Day Literature" (Oxford Press. $3.50); it presents, side by side, the arguments of the traditionalists and the experimentalists in the field of the novel, biography, poetry, and criticism. Among those who appear are *T. S. Eliot, R. H. Mottram, Rebecca West, Edith Sitwell,* and *J. D. Beresford.* There could be no better supplement for such literary affrays than the thoroughly delightful "Anthology of Invective and Abuse," (Dial Press. $2.50), in which *Hugh Kingsmill* has collected the diatribes with which the wise and witty of several centuries have annihilated their enemies. . . . Among the more literary and scholarly books that have come to the desk marked "Quince" are *Bonamy Dobrée's* "Restoration Tragedy" (Oxford Press. $3.00), a treat to those who remember his earlier "Restoration Comedy" (Oxford Press. $2.00); *Mary Austin's* "The American Rhythm" (Houghton Mifflin. $2.50), an unusual study

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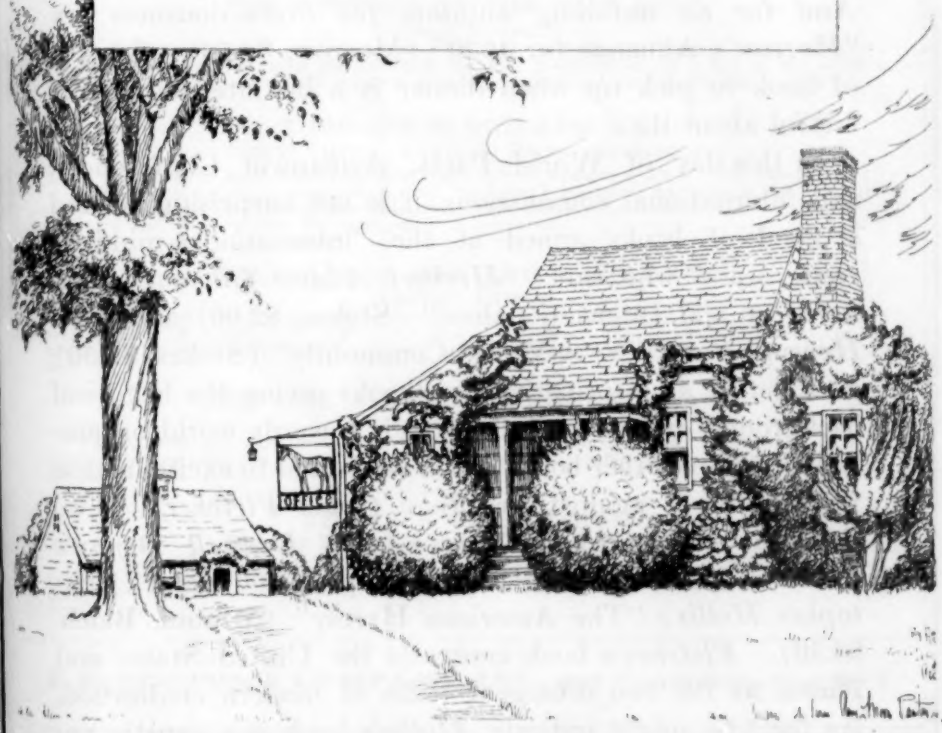

of American Indian poetry; and *L. A. Post's* "Menander, Three Plays" (Dutton. $2.50), the first translations to appear in English of three plays of one of Greece's greatest comic dramatists. This last reminds me that "Ten Greek Plays" (Oxford Press. $3.00), translated by *Gilbert Murray* and others, is a good buy, and that *Frederick J. E. Woodbridge's* "The Son of Apollo" (Houghton Mifflin. $4.00) is an interpretation of Plato that is understandable even to Peter Quince. For your less ambitious moments there could be nothing better than *Robert P. Tristram Coffin's* "An Attic Room" (Doubleday. $2.50), a gusty collection of essays full of earth and sea and youth, and *Ronald Knox's* "Essays in Satire" (Dutton. $2.50), which pokes delightful ridicule at the ways of the scholars and the scientists. I particularly recommend the hilarious essay entitled "Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes." And for an unfailing antidote for overseriousness try "Morrow's Almanac for 1930" (Morrow. $2.50)—the sort of book to pick up when dinner is a bit late and you're fretful about it.

In this day of World Pacts, Armament Conferences, and international commissions, it is not surprising to find a flood of books aimed at the "international-minded" reader—and who isn't? *Herbert Adams Gibbons'* "Nationalism and Internationalism" (Stokes. $2.00) and *John Herman Randall's* "A World Community" (Stokes. $2.50) go together as informative handbooks giving the historical background and present-day trends towards world organization. Three other books which are bound to excite intense feeling, for or against, are *John Gould Fletcher's* "Two Frontiers" (Coward-McCann. $3.00), *Ludwell Denny's* "America Conquers England" (Knopf. $4.00), and *Christopher Hollis's* "The American Heresy" (Minton, Balch. $3.50). *Fletcher's* book contrasts the United States and Russia as the two divergent poles of modern civilization. As the title might indicate, *Hollis's* book is a caustic ap-

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praisal—by an Englishman—of the personalities and principles that underlie the American theory of government. And *Denny* describes the economic battle for world dominion in which, he claims, America is gaining the upper hand over England. . . . Incidentally, "The American Scrapbook, 1930" and "The European Scrapbook, 1930" (Forum Press. 2 vols. $7.50) form an interesting compilation, in an attractive format, of excerpts from magazine articles, interviews, and books, giving a good general idea of the journalistic thought and expression of two continents.

Just as the stack of books before me seemed to be dwindling enough for elbow-room the postman presented me with a new batch of late-comers—some of them books I've been wanting to see for weeks. *Harold Lamb's* "The Crusades" (Doubleday. $5.00), after his earlier "Genghis Khan" (McBride. $3.50) and "Tamerlane" (McBride. $4.00), ought to be an excitement of the first order. A good book to go with it is *Charles J. Rosebault's* "Saladin: Prince of Chivalry" (McBride. $3.50), which views the crusades from the Moslem point of view. The long-expected second volume of *Samuel Hoffenstein's* poems is also here: the title is "Year In, You're Out" (Liveright. $2.00)—I'm trying to read the Invocation while writing this! Just whether it will prove as delightful as his "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing" (Liveright. $2.00) is something for you to decide. Other arrivals are *Isabel Patterson's* new novel, "The Road of the Gods" (Liveright. $2.50), and *Amélie Rives'* "Firedamp" (Stokes. $2.50). . . . Lastly, here are four fat volumes which should prove a gold-mine for seekers after genealogical lore: the "Edward Pleasant Valentine Papers" (The Valentine Museum, Richmond. $25.00). The material has been collected from county records and other sources, and is arranged under family names. It is as rich a quarry as any Virginia genealogist is likely to find. . . . And so, the anniversary number ends on the note of ancestor seeking!

—PETER QUINCE

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